

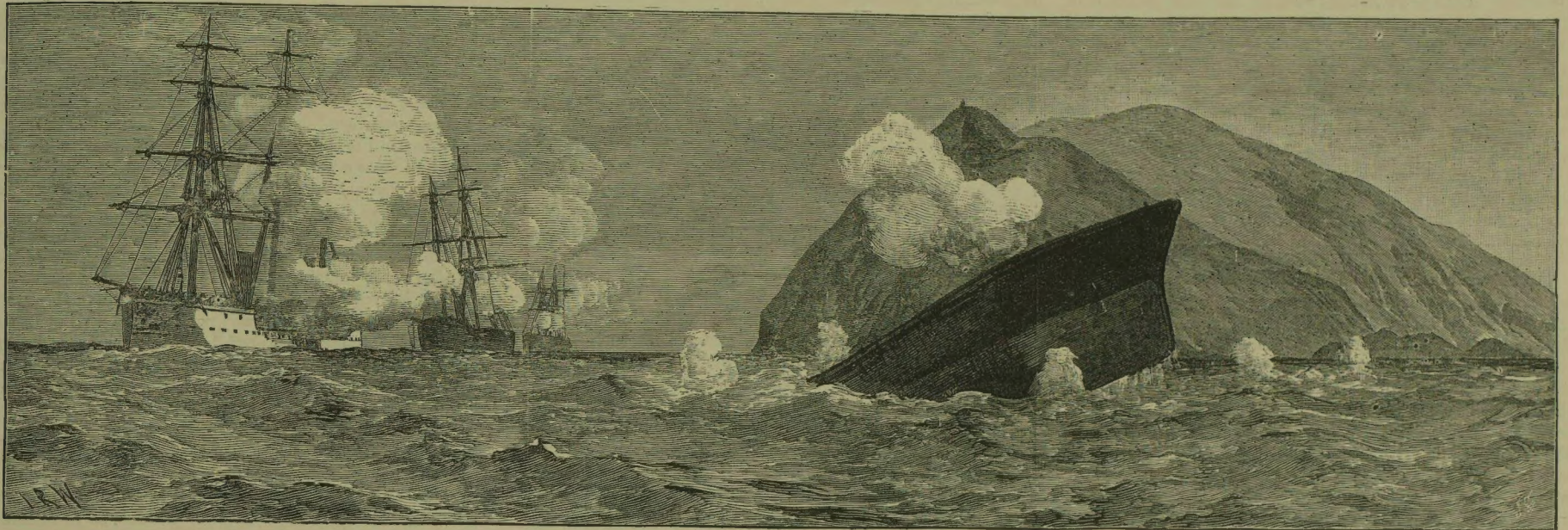
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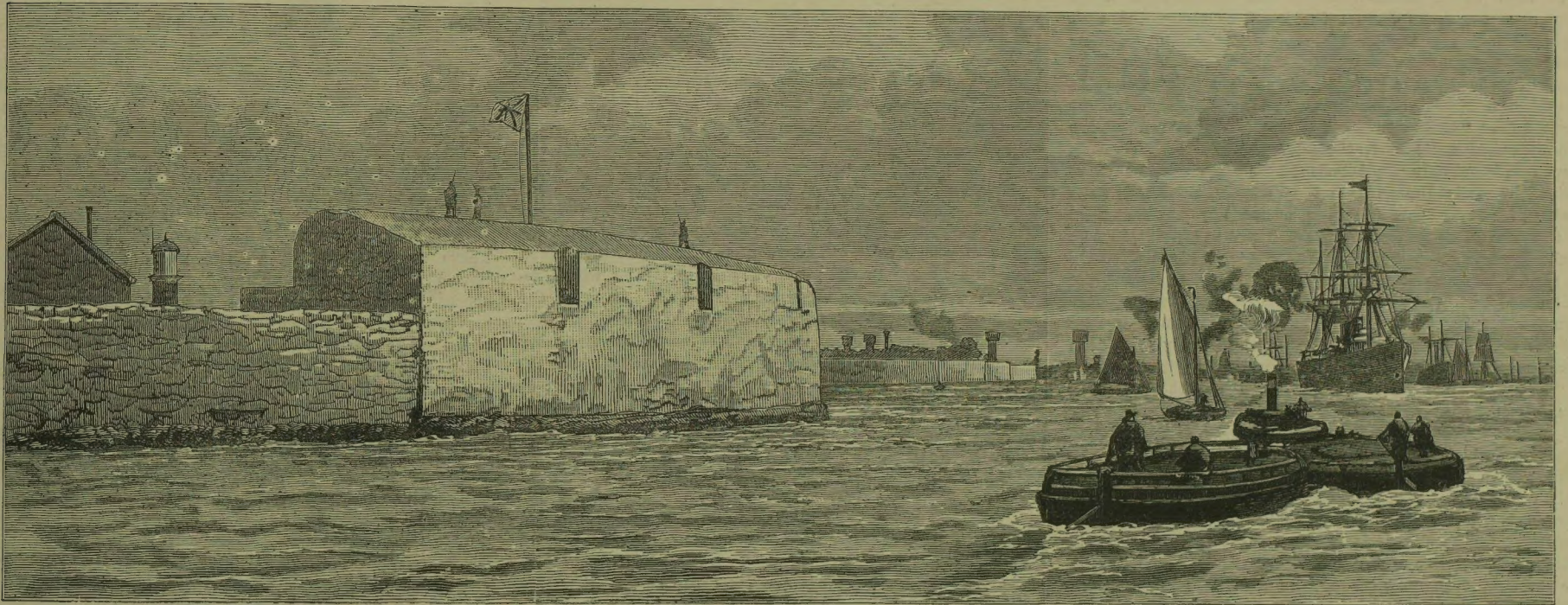
SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1888.

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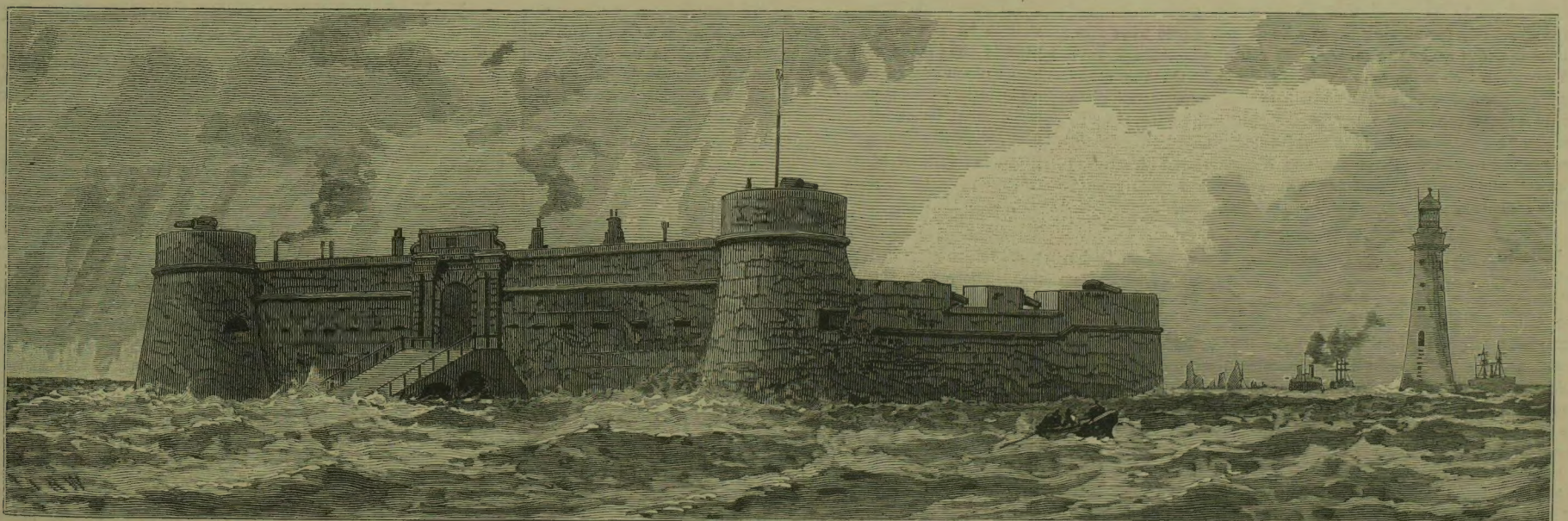


TARGET PRACTICE OF THE PACIFIC SQUADRON AT VALPARAISO.

SKETCH BY MR. H. J. RAY, PAYMASTER R.N.



OUR COAST DEFENCES: MOUTH OF THE MERSEY.—NORTH FORT, LIVERPOOL.



OUR COAST DEFENCES: MOUTH OF THE MERSEY.—PERCH ROCK BATTERY, NEW BRIGHTON.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It must be a satisfaction to those who are tied and bound by literary dogma to hear a man of undoubted genius like Mr. Stevenson expressing his opinion freely upon subjects about which, though (like the parrot) they may "think the more," they dare not open their mouths, and it will be a boon, indeed, if his example emboldens them to say what they like and dislike in literature, or, at all events, to cease from pretending to likes and dislikes. The hypocritical subserviency that is so manifest in the world of art is hardly less general, though it is much less obvious than in that of letters; when what is generally understood by criticism, has decided that this or that is to be admired, the question is held to be settled; let no dog henceforth bark, but only cringingly wag his tail. Matthew Arnold was a terror to those who held, but did not dare express, an independent opinion. He was a sort of policeman of literature, bidding them "move on" from what they would fain have lingered over, and turn their attention to what he affirmed was alone worthy of it. To appreciate the freshness and vigour of "The Lays of Ancient Rome" was, in his view, a proof of vulgarity; and to prefer Shelley's poetry to his prose showed want of taste. Such statements would be amazing if they were peculiar to himself; but other able writers who have taken upon themselves the office of schoolmaster, before his time, have fallen into similar errors. Dr. Johnson could see nothing in Gray's "Elegy," and Macaulay, little to admire in "Martin Chuzzlewit." The two points that need to be borne in mind, in consideration of this matter, are—first, that criticism itself is not an exact science; and secondly, that men of great literary powers have, like everybody else, their deficiencies.

The only man of letters who had absolutely no prejudices, and could admire what was good in every writer, no matter what might be his "school," his style, his politics, or his religion, was Leigh Hunt. He was a scholar, but that did not blind him to the merits of those who had no scholarship; he discovered the "born Greek" in Keats. He was a most accomplished linguist, but he never fell into the mistake of supposing that everything was lost in translation. He was one of the most pure-minded of men, but he could see every jewel that sparkled in the mud of Wycherly and on the dunghill of Rabelais. He had tenderness and charity for the humblest lovers of literature; when they asked for bread he recommended the best baker's shop so far as his judgment went, but admitted that there were other shops where good bread was also to be got; and he never threw stones (instead of bread) either at them or the shop-windows. There have been better critics (though not many) than Leigh Hunt, but none who have pointed out so many, and such various, excellences in literature, and thereby given so much pleasure to the lovers of books. Above all, he advocated independence in literary opinion, which is now almost in as great danger of being lost as it was in his day, when to see any merit in the "Lake school" or the "Cockney school" awoke almost as much contempt as the belonging to them. Mr. R. L. Stevenson is not only "independent" in his views, but combative; he carries the war into the camp of the critics: not content, for example, with saying, as modesty might suggest in the case of so generally accepted a classic, "I have no doubt I am wrong, but I don't care for 'Tom Jones,'" he says, "The respectable profess that they could stand the dullness of it, if it were not so blackguardly; and the more honest admit they could forgive the blackguardism if it were not so dull." He asserts that the novel so many great men have agreed to call great, and some the greatest of novels, to be "dirty, dull, and false." Personally I do not agree with him. It is, in my opinion, not dirty, but only coarse; and only coarse because it is a true description of life, as life was in those days. But I have always ventured to express the opinion that, as a whole, it was a trifle dull. Nobody ever had a difficulty in putting down "Tom Jones" because of its attractions; but we cannot expect to find that virtue in a book that has no story. It is the fashion now, it is true, to write novels without a story; but that was not Scott's way, nor the way of anybody (though we have had an admirable "story without a hero") who would take captive his readers. I am not, however, concerned with the question of the merits of "Tom Jones"; what I hail is the fact of a man of genius claiming not only to have his own opinion on such a matter, but the right to express it. Moreover, as to Mr. Stevenson's dislikes, it is to be noted that he does not express himself contemptuously concerning those who do not agree with him. It is absurd (as well as inhuman) "to run at a benighted man and give him two black eyes for being blind." On the other hand, it is amazing to me that a man of such exceptional gifts should repeat the cuckoo cry of Dickens not being able to describe "a gentleman." It is true he has pointed out certain exceptions in Carton, Twemlow, and Wrayburn. But what is to be said against the gentlemanliness (a vile word, I grant) of Haredale, Jarndyce, and Sir Leicester Dedlock?

Flogging, or, as it is called at Eton, "swishing," is to be abolished at that aristocratic seminary, except for "really serious offences." It was, indeed, high time. The exceptional frequency of its infliction, for the smallest crimes, if it had occurred in a Board-school, would have set the democracy in a flame; but the "blood of all the Howards" have taken it very coolly for centuries. An illustration in any pictorial paper of the actual ceremony would probably have put an end to it at any time—and also to the paper. What old Etonian can forget the first time he received notice in the class-room to "stay" after school? That was the euphonious phrase which appointed your interview with the Head-Master. All your friends—and, of course, your enemies—"stayed" too, to see it. I dare not lift the veil (it was the privilege, by-the-by, of two young gentlemen on the foundation

to do that, or an analogous office) from the subsequent proceedings, from which there was but one appeal; "Please, Sir; first fault!" How well I remember old Hawtrey, birch in hand, and gold pencil case around his neck, inquiring into this vital matter. "He thinks he has seen the culprit's face (or other portion of him) before; but he will examine the books." The humour of the scene, to all but the chief person concerned, was admirable; but more suited to Fielding's time than ours. I think Mr. Stevenson would have classed it with the incidents of "Tom Jones." There was something pathetic, nevertheless, about that appeal of "first fault," which (except where the offender was lying) was always allowed, if proved to be genuine. It is not so except at Eton. First faults are not, elsewhere, so easily forgiven; or the first fault is too often, alas, the last, because the next is a crime. There was general disappointment if Justice was thus robbed of her prey. It was on the second occasion of offence when the spectators were most gratified. The execution was then certain to come off, and the culprit was not innocent, of course, but—tender: perhaps even alarmed, which enhanced the public enjoyment immensely. I suppose half the Cabinet have been flogged in their time at Eton, and half the leaders of the Opposition. Only think of it! Gracious goodness!

Medical science would charm us more by its new discoveries if they did not so often consist in merely effacing the old ones. Every "treatment" has its day, and is hailed with enthusiasm; it is then found to be the worst thing that could have been hit upon, and its exact opposite is adopted with the same loud cries of "Eureka!" How many times have the terms "kill" or "cure" been applied to the same remedies for gout, I wonder? How many times have our great medicine men blown "hot" and "cold" in the matter of the best climate for consumption! The last discovery is that the notion of "constant support" to produce nourishment, is an error. The proper way, it now appears, is to starve and stuff: "Hunger first, and plenty after." We are told that "a time of starvation puts the organism in a position to make the most of everything that enters it." This I can believe: in a boat full of shipwrecked persons scantily supplied with provisions, "everything"—if there is any organisation at all—"is made the most of." At the same time my experience of people who take but one meal a day, and eat enormously at that, is that their tempers, at least, are not well nourished. They are generally cross and snappish as feeding-time approaches, and only agreeable afterwards in a negative way: they throw their handkerchief over their faces and snore. If, instead of these contradictory discoveries, our physicians would be so good as to make castor oil less loathsome, and physic, generally, more palatable, I should have a higher opinion of their intelligence. It is monstrous that a calling which claims to be scientific should have nothing to offer its patients but drugs the smell and taste of which cause the modern artist, in his house-boat on the Thames, the same shuddering horrors that Noah probably experienced from his rhubarb and senna in the ark. The one poor triumph of medicine, as yet, in this way (for it takes an alligator to swallow the "globule") is the silvered pill—surely a small harvest to be reaped from four thousand years of professional practice!

Copenhagen has set a fashion which London, I fear, will be slow to follow. Instead of the expensive wreaths which it is our barbarous fashion to throw into the earth upon the coffins of our friends, the pious Danes place offerings much more appropriate to the dead. These are tablets which represent some subscription, according to the means of the donor, towards the abatement of human suffering. The originator of this idea recommends it to us in very touching words. "In the great country of love there are no frontiers; there is no difference between great nations and small; in this respect we ought to assist one another in word and deed. Bearing this in view, we have resolved to acquaint you with what has been done in Denmark." (If he errs, it is on the side of simplicity. What I have ventured to call "tablets" he calls "cards." I don't like the notion of throwing cards into a grave; in some cases it might be too appropriate; no, "no cards.") This linking of regret with charity is a method of keeping the memory green far better, surely, than the ordering of a pound's-worth of sympathy at the flower-shop. "The actions of the just smell sweet and blossom in the dust" (as flowers born to bloom above the earth, not under it, can never do), and such a custom is typical of them. If thank-offerings are gracious things, this way of "honouring the dead by good works" is surely more so. If our lost friend was not prone to charitable deeds himself, he will not take it as a sarcasm, nor will it be the first time that his charity has been done by proxy: the idea is so pious, so useful, and so unostentatious (for the amount of the subscriptions are not read out by the undertaker) that there is, I fear, but slender hope of its being substituted for camellias from the conservatory, or roses from Nice, with the names of the donors printed in the fashionable journals; but I venture to think it a good idea.

"I give the first watch of the night to the red planet Mars," sings America's most popular poet; but I doubt if he would have done this had he known as much about it as we do. There has always been an antagonism between the professors of poetry and science. I dare not quote what Southey, speaking for self and partners (his tuneful brethren) says upon that subject, and I dare say his views are reciprocated; it is not likely that Longfellow would have thought so highly of Mars, if he had understood that it was inhabited solely by scientific people. M. Faye, the Paris astronomer, has just communicated this discovery—made by M. Perrotin through the powerful telescope at the Nice observatory—to the Academy of Sciences. He tells us not only that there are men in Mars, but that they are civil engineers. What have been always known to observers of that planet as "canals"—the lines going from sea to sea (so to speak)—are now found to be actual water-ways, some of them still "in process

of construction" or "unfinished, like the Panama project," says M. Perrotin, rather wickedly. In Mars, however, there can be no "promoters" of companies (which must be a sad loss) because there is no general public, only engineers. Let us hope they are civil ones. (The railway-guard is the civilised person in the world, but it is a vulgar error to suppose that in the higher grades of life manners necessarily improve.) If Paradise should be found in the stars, as some poets affirm, it will be very hard upon them to find themselves relegated to an exclusively scientific society of this kind; but perhaps only bad poets will be sent to Mars. It is possible, however—for we shall not know for certain till telescopes have been improved: there is one making at Lick, in California, to lick creation—that each profession will have its peculiar star. Think of all the Divines (of different persuasions) finding themselves together, and all the doctors (allopaths and homœopaths)! The prospect is too terrific; let us turn to a more pleasing picture. What if very good people, who have not met with their deserts in this life—authors, pure and bright, for example, but who have not enjoyed a great circulation—should have their choice of stars? Venus! (Good Heavens!)

Even the London world will miss for a while one of its most striking figures in that of Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, a true poet (if but of limited range) and genuine humourist. He was one of the kindest natured men with whose friendship I have been ever honoured, and in some respects he has not left his like. In politics he was a Tory, "a Pagan suckled in a creed outworn," but the most pleasant of Pagans; the charm, too, of his conversation and manners was an Old World charm. He was a raconteur of the ancient type, full of anecdote and personal reminiscence, but also (which is a very different thing) a most agreeable conversationalist. He did not ignore the present for the past, as is the case with so many men of his years. His University career was brilliant. He had afterwards mingled with all the men and women of the century who were best worth knowing, and remembered what was interesting about them, and not the rest. What was also unusual, his acquaintance had been very various: he knew almost as much of jockeys as of the great patrons of the Turf; unlike another more famous *littérateur*, who once confessed to me that he "never felt so comfortable as when he had his legs under the mahogany of a person of quality," he had hobbled and nobbed with everybody. Nothing of human nature was alien to him. One might almost say the same of equine nature. I never knew a man of so great an intelligence so fond of horses. Those who have read his noble poem (for it really deserves that epithet) on the Doncaster St. Leger, will easily credit this. He had of late years domestic misfortunes, in addition to much physical ailment. "How fond and foolish is the idea," he once said to me, "that when we are old we are less sensitive to calamities; we are only, alas! less able to bear them." Yet he was always courageous; he came "smiling," as he would have himself expressed it, "up to time." The last letter I had from him after he became paralysed in his speech is at least as full of humour as pathos. "Being deaf, and blind, and speechless," he says, "I can now scarcely be considered an ornament to dinner-parties; and in reply to invitations shall henceforth send my photograph." The heart he wore upon his sleeve was as brave as it was kind.

It is always pleasant to find one's own views corroborated. There was a discussion a little while ago as to whether novels should or should not have melancholy endings; concerning which matter I only observed, with becoming modesty, that, so far as I was concerned, stories with bad endings I do not read. Theatrical audiences seem to be of the same opinion. The dramatised version of Mr. Hall Caine's vigorous novel "The Deemster," "Ben-my-Chree" is found in its conclusion to be too sad for the public taste, and has to be altered accordingly. I am sorry the playwright has been given so much trouble, but I must say I think he deserved it. Let any number of misfortunes overtake his hero and heroine on the road to happiness, but all should be bright at last. How would he like it, if he could foresee himself end in catastrophe—driven to become a prize-fighter, for example, and die in harness (though only a very little of it) in the ring at last? To persons of humane disposition it is almost as disagreeable to see a sad finale to the lives of others as to their own. In this particular case it is surely bad enough for "Ben-my-Chree" to live in the Isle of Man without being unfortunate in her end?

NAVAL GUNNERY EXPERIMENTS AT VALPARAISO.

The British naval squadron on the Pacific Ocean coast of South America, during its stay at Valparaiso, in the latter part of April, had an opportunity of some gunnery practice. Two old hulks, presented by the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, to serve as targets, were sent down from Callao, and one by the Chilean Governor. These were fired at, outside the harbour, by the guns of H.M.S. *Triumph* (Captain Rose), H.M.S. *Conquest* (Captain Oxley), and H.M.S. *Hyacinth* (Captain Bourke), with such effect as to sink them rather speedily. Our illustration is from a sketch by Mr. H. J. Ray, Paymaster of the *Triumph*.

The Duke of Cambridge inspected the garrison at Colchester on June 11, and presented new colours to the Durham Regiment. Major-General Sir Evelyn Wood was in command.

At the annual meeting of the Central Emigration Society a motion advocating the establishment of an Imperial Colonisation Board was carried, as was also another, proposing a deputation to the High Commissioner of Canada to urge the necessity of increasing facilities for taking up free grants of land in the north-west of Canada.

A waterspout caused immense destruction to growing crops on several farms at Lantoft, near Driffield, on Saturday afternoon, June 9. The water excavated one field in several places to the depth of 7 ft., and swept hundreds of tons of soil and gravel from arable land, laying them bare to the rock. One farmer had seven acres of turnips wholly destroyed. The water afterwards swept into the village and flooded the houses.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty is at Balmoral in the enjoyment of good health, driving out every day. In the afternoon of June 7 the Queen drove to the Linn of Muick, accompanied by her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice and Princesses Victoria and Louise. Her Majesty went out on June 8, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg. In the afternoon her Majesty drove out with Princess Beatrice and Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein. The Queen drove out from Balmoral on June 9, attended by the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, with the Hon. Frederica Fitzroy and the Hon. A. G. Yorke in attendance, drove to Keldrummie Castle, and honoured Sir J. and Lady Clark with a visit to Tillieprone. In the afternoon her Majesty drove out, accompanied by Princess Victoria, and attended by the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe. Divine service was conducted at Balmoral Castle on Sunday morning, June 10, in the presence of the Queen, the Royal family, and the household, by the Rev. Dr. Donald McLeod, one of her Majesty's Chaplains. The Queen went out in the morning, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and in the afternoon with Princess Beatrice and Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein. Dr. Donald McLeod had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family. On Monday, June 11, the Queen drove out, accompanied by Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. In the afternoon Her Majesty drove with Princess Victoria to the Linn of Quioch. Princess Beatrice also drove out. Prince Henry of Battenberg left the castle for Windsor.

The Prince of Wales visited the King of Sweden and Norway on his Majesty's arrival at the Grand Hotel on June 5; and on the following day the King visited the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House.—The Prince, who was accompanied by the King of Sweden and Norway and by Prince Albert Victor, on June 7 opened a new gymnasium in Long-acre for the members of the Central Young Men's Christian Association.—In the evening the Prince presided at the centenary festival of the Royal Masonic Institution for Girls at the Royal Albert Hall, and proposed "The Health of the King of Sweden, the Grand Master of the Freemasons of Sweden." In proposing "Success to the Royal Masonic Institution for Girls," the Prince said that when it started, a hundred years ago, it educated only fifteen children, but now had 243 on its establishment. In 1838, at the celebration of the jubilee of the institution, £1000 was subscribed. In 1871, when he (the Prince of Wales) presided, £5200 was collected; but now he had the gratification to announce that £50,500 was the result of this festival.—The Princess, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Princesses Louise and Victoria, visited the bazaar in the Duke of Wellington's Riding School, Knightsbridge, in aid of the fund for the relief of distressed Irish ladies. In the evening "The Mikado" was revived at the Savoy Theatre, Mr. Gilbert again acting as director behind the curtain, and Sir Arthur Sullivan conducting the orchestra. The Princess of Wales and the King of Sweden were in the Royal box.—The Prince held a Levée at St. James's Palace on June 8, and a large number of presentations were made to his Royal Highness. A dinner in honour of the King of Sweden was given by the Prince and Princess at Marlborough House.—The Prince and Princess, with their three daughters, visited Cambridge on Saturday, June 9, when Prince Albert Victor received the degree of Doctor in Law, *honoris causa*. The Marquis of Salisbury, the Earl of Rosebery, the Earl of Selborne, Lord Randolph Churchill, and several other persons received similar honours. A luncheon was given afterwards, at which the Prince of Wales, the Marquis of Salisbury, Lord Rosebery, and the Duke of Devonshire spoke. The Prince and Princess visited Newnham College and then returned to London. In the evening the Prince and Princess and Prince Albert Victor dined with the Russian Ambassador and Madame De Staal at the Russian Embassy.—The King and Queen of Sweden and Norway and the Duchess of Albany visited the Prince and Princess, on Monday, June 11, and remained to luncheon. Officers of the 2nd West York (the Prince of Wales's Own) Regiment of Yeomanry attended at Marlborough House and presented the Prince and Princess with a silver punch-bowl on the occasion of their Royal Highnesses' Silver Wedding. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, left Marlborough House in the afternoon for Sunningdale Park, Ascot, for the week. Owing to the news from Berlin respecting the condition of the Emperor, the Prince and Princess did not go to the races on Tuesday.—The date of the second State Ball has been changed from July 10 to July 11.

The King of Sweden and Norway left London on Monday evening, June 11, for Queenborough, to embark on board the Swedish war-vessel *Frija* for Flushing. The Queen remained with her suite at the Grand Hotel till Tuesday evening, June 12. Her Majesty left the Victoria station of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway by the eight p.m. express train for Dover, where she embarked on the fast mail-steamer *Victoria* for Calais en route to Stockholm. Queen Victoria offered the use of Buckingham Palace to the King on his arrival in London, but as his Majesty is travelling incognito he preferred staying at the Grand Hotel.

The Queen has approved of the appointment of Earl Howe to be Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of Leicestershire, vacant by the death of the Duke of Rutland, K.G.

At the thirty-first annual festival in aid of the Warehousemen's, Clerks', and Drapers' Schools, held at the Hôtel Métropole, on June 11, the subscriptions amounted to over £3850.

Mr. Edward A. Bond has resigned the office of Principal Librarian at the British Museum, which he has held with much distinction since August 1878. The appointment is in the gift of the Crown.

The twenty-fifth anniversary dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund was given on June 9, in the Whitehall Rooms, Hôtel Métropole, Sir E. Clarke presiding. Subscriptions and donations to the amount of £1200 were announced.

An urgent appeal is made on behalf of the funds of the London Hospital, Whitechapel, the income of which institution at present does not exceed two-fifths of its expenditure. It is signed by the Duke of Cambridge, the Bishop of London, Cardinal Manning, Leopold De Rothschild, and the Treasurer and Chairman of the House Committee.

The Ascot Meeting was opened on June 12. For the Prince of Wales's Stakes there were nine competitors, the Duke of Westminster's Ossory winning by three lengths; Galore and Nether Avon were respectively second and third. Dan Dancer won the Ascot Stakes, Zest the Trial Stakes, Distant Shore colt the Maiden Plate, Exmoor the Gold Vase, Gold the Thirty-First Biennial Stakes, and Dante the Thirty-Fourth Triennial Stakes. On Wednesday, the Ascot Derby was won by Prince Soltykoff's Sheen; the Fernhill Stakes fell to Lord Londonderry's Hazlethatch; and the principal race of the day, that for the Royal Hunt Cup, was won by Shillelagh.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The Marquis of Salisbury's measure to increase the legislative efficacy of the House of Lords was heralded by Earl Cadogan's motion on the Seventh of June. When bright sunshine, golden laburnums, refreshing lilac-trees, and all the leafy beauty of June allured one—anywhere, anywhere out of the town—it needed steadfast and resolute adherence to duty to draw the Prime Minister, the Lord Privy Seal, and their colleagues to a chamber by no means as cool as it should be. It was with a view to facilitate the process of renovation and repair Government favours that Earl Cadogan moved for a Select Committee to sit upon the standing orders which regulate the mode of conducting business in the House. A slight difference of opinion on one point was elicited from Earl Granville, and gave Lord Salisbury the opportunity to reply with characteristic force and effect, and to lay down the generally-approved principle that "the process of improvement ought to be constantly going on, and ought not to be the subject of sudden, large, and sensational steps." The Select Committee, which was appointed, will indubitably clear the way for the Prime Minister's own propositions for the reform of the Lords.

There was something refreshing in the Marquis of Salisbury's common-sense reference on the Eleventh of June to the "strange antiquarian relics" that abound in both Houses of Parliament. This was apropos of the Earl of Milltown's application for a Select Committee to inquire into the Commons' sessional order prohibiting Peers from participating in Parliamentary elections. The Premier occasioned a ripple of gentle laughter by his apt allusion to the annual constitution of a Committee of their Lordships "to hear appeals from Guienne," as an example of attachment to ancient and effete precedent. The clerical custom of exclaiming to this day, "*La reine le veut*," to formally notify the Royal sanction to an Act of Parliament, might also have been cited as a singular relic of olden times. Whether Lord Milltown's particular prayer was justifiable or not, it was granted. It may be added that if Lord Salisbury had his way, the legislation of both Houses—such as Ministers should deem necessary—would in all probability be conducted with the celerity and dispatch which characterise their Lordships' mode of transacting business.

Spiritual Lords gathered in goodly numbers on the Twelfth of June, when an interesting debate took place on the Church Discipline Bill, which was read the third time and passed, after the Earl of Selborne, intended by Nature for a Bishop, had placidly expressed approval of the measure. Approbation from Lord Selborne is approbation indeed.

The County Councils Bill has chiefly absorbed the attention of the Commons. The Government has done wisely to lighten the principal measure of the Session, and to make reasonable concessions here and there. Thus, acting on the suggestion of Sir Henry James, Mr. Ritchie has consented to so amend one clause that every town with a population of 40,000 shall be deemed a city under the Act. The vital clause, that a County Council be established in each county, was passed without demur. But many words were wasted on the constitution of the Council. On the Eleventh of June, Mr. Stansfeld, a past master on the subject of local government, rose from the front Opposition bench to move that "All the councillors shall be elective councillors, and there shall be no aldermen." As taking a parental interest in the bodies he is labouring to create, Mr. Ritchie is unwilling to let them run alone at first; but would considerably lend them the helping hand of those thoroughly versed in administration. It may be hazarded that occasionally, as in the case of the Metropolitan Board of Works, familiarity with behind the scenes of local government breeds contempt. But it would be manifestly unfair to tar all local magnates with the same brush that is being wielded so vigorously at the meetings of the Royal Commission Lord Herschell presides over with impartiality and fearlessness. As a matter of fact, the public is considerably indebted to those gentlemen who, the great majority without any desire of self-aggrandisement, have devoted their time to local improvements and local administration. Hence the anxiety of Mr. Ritchie to retain the services of the most useful amongst these public servants, and his adoption of the principle of "selected members." Mr. Gladstone joined Mr. Stansfeld and Mr. Henry Fowler in favouring direct representation; but the Marquis of Hartington supported Mr. Ritchie; and Mr. Stansfeld's proposal was defeated by a majority of 36—250 against 214. So Mr. Ritchie preserves his pet aldermen, whom Mr. Chamberlain also favours, singularly enough.

A Cabinet Council was held on the Twelfth of June. One important decision arrived at by the Ministry was announced immediately after in the House of Commons by the President of the Local Government Board. Mr. Ritchie drew forth ironical Opposition cheers by his statement that the Government, in order to facilitate the passing of the Local Government Bill, had resolved not to proceed with the Licensing Clauses. The questions of licensing public-houses, and of compensating publicans deprived of their licenses, will thus remain as they are at present.

The House of Commons was clearly not altogether reassured even by Mr. W. H. Smith's announcement that the Royal Commission to inquire into the administration of the naval and military departments would consist of Lord Hartington, Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, Lord Revelstoke, Mr. T. H. Ismay (the eminent shipowner of Liverpool), Lieutenant-General Brackenbury, Admiral Sir Frederick Richards, K.C.B., Sir R. Temple, and the First Lord of the Treasury; the noble Lord the Leader of the Liberal Unionists being Chairman.

This question of efficient and economical administration is a vulnerable point with all Ministries. What monstrous abuses still exist, those who run may read. Were they not most skillfully and most pungently summarised in Lord Randolph Churchill's Huddersfield speech, published in pamphlet form by Routledge and Co.? Consent to a Royal Commission of inquiry into these grave scandals being tantamount to an admission that there are, at least, grounds for investigation, one does not see why the Leader of the House should have directly opposed Mr. Jennings' reforming resolution on the Twelfth of June, especially on the Tuesday in Ascot week, when not a few legislators are rather more agreeably occupied than in dancing attendance on the "Whips." Mr. Jennings, one of the presumably new Fourth Party Lord Randolph Churchill is forming, made good his reputation for smartness. He quite made out a case for his contention, that "the reorganisations in the Accountant-General's and Secretary's departments of the Admiralty have been injurious to the public interests." Though the resolution met with warm opposition from Lord George Hamilton, the Closure was put, and Mr. Smith was hoist with his own petard. The motion of Mr. Jennings was practically carried by a majority of 19 against the Government—113 to 94 votes. So once again it was proved that it is the unexpected that sometimes happens in one branch of the Legislature.

A legacy of £34,000 has been left to the city of Berlin by the late Brazilian Consul-General Behrend, for the benefit of poor girls of good character and education.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Already there are signs that the theatrical season is on the wane. What with the counter attraction of a successful opera at Covent-Garden, races and outdoor meetings, cricket matches and sport, daylight until close upon nine o'clock, and a feverish desire for fresh air, it is a difficult matter to tempt people into a theatre at the orthodox hour. Suddenly and without any warning, the Adelphi, acknowledged to be the most popular theatre in the Strand district, and a place of entertainment that appeals specially to pit and galleries, closed its doors; and during the interval there will be active rehearsals of the new melodrama, "Union Jack," written by Mr. Henry Pettitt and Mr. Sidney Grundy, with strong characters in it for Mr. William Terriss and Miss Millward. The Strand Theatre is on the eve of closing, in order to repair the programme; and in a very short time Mrs. Bernard-Beere—who, however, is doing very well with "Masks and Faces"—will relinquish her management of the Opera Comique Theatre. "Joseph's Sweetheart," at the Vaudeville, and "Sweet Lavender" at Terry's Theatre are attracting the country cousins in town; but we must not expect any more strong excitement in the theatrical world until the holidays are over and the green leaves on the trees are turning brown again. The novelties of the past week have been slight, and comparatively unimportant. A one-act comedy by Mr. Hurst, at the Globe, called "True Colours," is fairly done and, on the whole, admirably acted. It has a trifling and not very novel theme; but Miss Webster, as a merry heiress pursued by a bashful lover and an adventurer; Mr. Forbes Dawson, a useful mercurial actor, as a fashionable military adventurer; and Miss Giffard, as the most charming and lovable old mother, did their utmost for the author, whose new act to "Boots' Baby" has not yet been seen. This military play has, however, been pulled together, and goes far better than it did at the outset. It is a pretty, graceful story, and so well acted that the theatre well deserves a visit.

The matinées are incessant. They may be forgiven when they result in good plays; and, strange to say, two of them, far above the average, were rescued, recently, from a heap of rubbish. One was produced at the Vaudeville by Mr. Ribton Turner, and called "Handsome Is that Handsome Does," and is founded on a French comedy, about twenty years old, called "Roque-laure; ou, l'Homme le plus laid en France." It is a neat piece of workmanship, and, thanks to the assistance of Mr. Henry Neville, Miss Kate Vaughan, Miss Sophie Larkin, and Mr. Fred Thorne, it was acted with uncommon spirit. The author has been advised to turn his play into a comic opera, and he has already taken the hint and started on the requisite lyrics. He will not have long to wait for an offer, for the great cry among capable musicians is that they can never get hold of a good book. Another clever little play was brought out at the Strand by Mr. Lionel Brough. It is written by Mr. Charles Thomas—brother of Goring Thomas, the musician—and doubtless "The Paper-Chase" will be heard of again. It has, of course, been duly noted that the subject reminds the listener of "A Scrap of Paper" ("Les Papiers de Mouche"), but a young author cannot go far wrong who takes Sardou for his model, even in his earlier period. Not all the good acting of Miss Alma Murray, or the earnestness of Mr. William Herbert, could do much for Mr. Rae-Brown's dramatic version of "Lady Clara Vere de Vere." Why this particular poem should be considered a good subject for dramatic treatment must ever remain a mystery. In point of fact it contains no story, and suggests no action at all. The play was mournfully received by an astonished audience.

Mr. Toole's visit to Oxford was even more successful than a previous trip to Cambridge. The undergraduates voted for him to a man, and had it been commemoration week they would have probably carried him off to another theatre hard by, and insisted that the authorities should greet him with a Latin oration and present him with the honorary degree of D.C.L. The popular actor was feted in New College by that popular Don Mr. W. L. Courtney, who asked many of the Fellows to meet him, and here is another instance of the disappearance of prejudice against the dramatic art in a liberal and enlightened University, and it may well be added to the next edition of Mr. Adderley's interesting little pamphlet purporting to give the true story of the modern drama in Oxford.

But, in addition to Mr. Toole's visit, Oxford has been gay in other respects, for that famous dramatic amateur society, the Busy Bees, headed by its enthusiastic and kindly founder, Mrs. Lennox Browne, went down to the new theatre to play "Moths" and "Pygmalion and Galatea." The amateurs were assisted by such clever professionals as Miss Houleston, Mr. Bassett Roe, Mr. Arthur Wood, Mr. Matthew Brodie, and others, and when it was whispered about that the young people were really clever, they received encouraging support, although both plays were familiar. Unquestionably the success of both plays was won by that highly-intelligent amateur actress Miss Margaret Brandon, who came upon young Oxford—particularly the members of the University Dramatic Society, who are keen critics—with something like surprise. Miss Brandon, who has a fine and expressive stage face and an admirable artistic method, was cast for Fuschia Leach in "Moths," and Cynisca in Mr. Gilbert's fairy play. As Cynisca, Miss Margaret Brandon fairly brought down the house, not only with the effective speech that terminates the second act, but with a reading of the part distinguished for its tenderness as well as for its intensity. We have seen all the Cyniscas—Miss Caroline Hill, Miss Amy Roselle, Miss Julia Neilson, Miss Rose Leclercq, &c., and it may be doubted if Cynisca has ever been more intelligently read or more admirably played. The success of this clever lady, who has little of the amateur about her style and all of the artist in her conception of character, was so sudden and complete that the rumour was at once started in the University that she intended to adopt the stage as a profession. In this case, rumour was utterly at fault, for we believe that no such intention exists, or ever did exist, in the lady's mind. Be that as it may, whenever she appears she will be welcome, for she has certainly that material in her of heart and intelligence of which distinguished actresses are made. The University Dramatic Society lent a beautiful Greek scene, originally used in "Alcesteis;" and among the audience at the theatre were Mr. Courtney, of Lea; Mr. Bourchier, the celebrated amateur actor, and the leading lights of the amateur dramatic world in Oxford. The scenes between Mrs. Lennox Browne and Mr. A. Wood, as Daphne and Chrysoe, went admirably, and the performance evidently gave great pleasure.

Mr. G. G. Adams has received a commission from the Duke of Cambridge to execute a marble bust of his Royal Highness, to be placed in the corridor at Windsor Castle.

Lord Wolseley presided on June 11 at a lecture on the use and abuse of artillery, which was delivered at Aldershot by Colonel Brackenbury, Director of the Artillery College. A discussion followed the lecture, and the chairman, in concluding the proceedings, referred to the startling changes which must be caused, not only in artillery but in general military tactics, by a gun of recent invention capable of a range of 4000 yards.

LORD LANSDOWNE LEAVING CANADA.

The retiring Governor-General of Canada, the Marquis of Lansdowne, took his departure at Quebec on May 24, having left Ottawa the day before, with many official and popular demonstrations of public regard. Our Illustration, from a sketch by Captain R. W. Rutherford, shows the scene at the Queen's Wharf, when his Excellency, after receiving numerous farewell addresses, was on board the steam-launch Dolphin, to be conveyed to the mail steam-ship Parisian, of the Allan Line, which immediately started for Liverpool, amidst the salutes of artillery from the citadel and the cheers of the multitude. His Lordship was accompanied by Lady Lansdowne, Captain and Lady Florence Streatfeild, and the Hon. H. Anson, A.D.C. His successor, Lord Stanley of Preston, has had a cordial reception in Canada.

MISS MARGARET MACINTYRE.

This young lady—who has recently attracted attention by her very successful début at the Royal Italian Opera—is the daughter of General and Mrs. Macintyre; and, before her stage appearances at the Covent-garden Opera-house, had sung with great effect at various concerts at Brighton. Miss Macintyre was a pupil, a gold medallist, and associate of Dr. Wylde's London Academy of Music, one of the branches of which is at Brighton, the young lady having been a pupil of Signor M. Garcia and Madame Della Valle. Miss Macintyre's voice is a pure soprano, of bright and agreeable quality and extensive compass. Her intonation is true and her phrasing artistic, and she has a stage presence which is at once impressive and graceful. Her first appearance in Mr. Augustus Harris's excellent company was on May 15, in "Carmen," as Micaela—a secondary, but still important part. She at once made a special impression by the grace and unaffected pathos of her vocalisation, and fully sustained the position thus gained by her subsequent performances as Inez in "L'Africaine," and, especially, as Donna Elvira in a recent representation of "Don Giovanni." Seldom has there been a more promising début made by one so young on the opera stage; and, with the natural advantages possessed

by Miss Macintyre, and the increase of dramatic power which experience will bring, there need be no limit to her success as a lyric artist.

The Lord Mayor of London has remitted a further sum of £250 to Sir Edward Malet, the British Ambassador in Berlin, for the fund for the relief of the sufferers by the floods in Germany. This makes a total remittance from London of £5500.



MISS MACINTYRE, ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

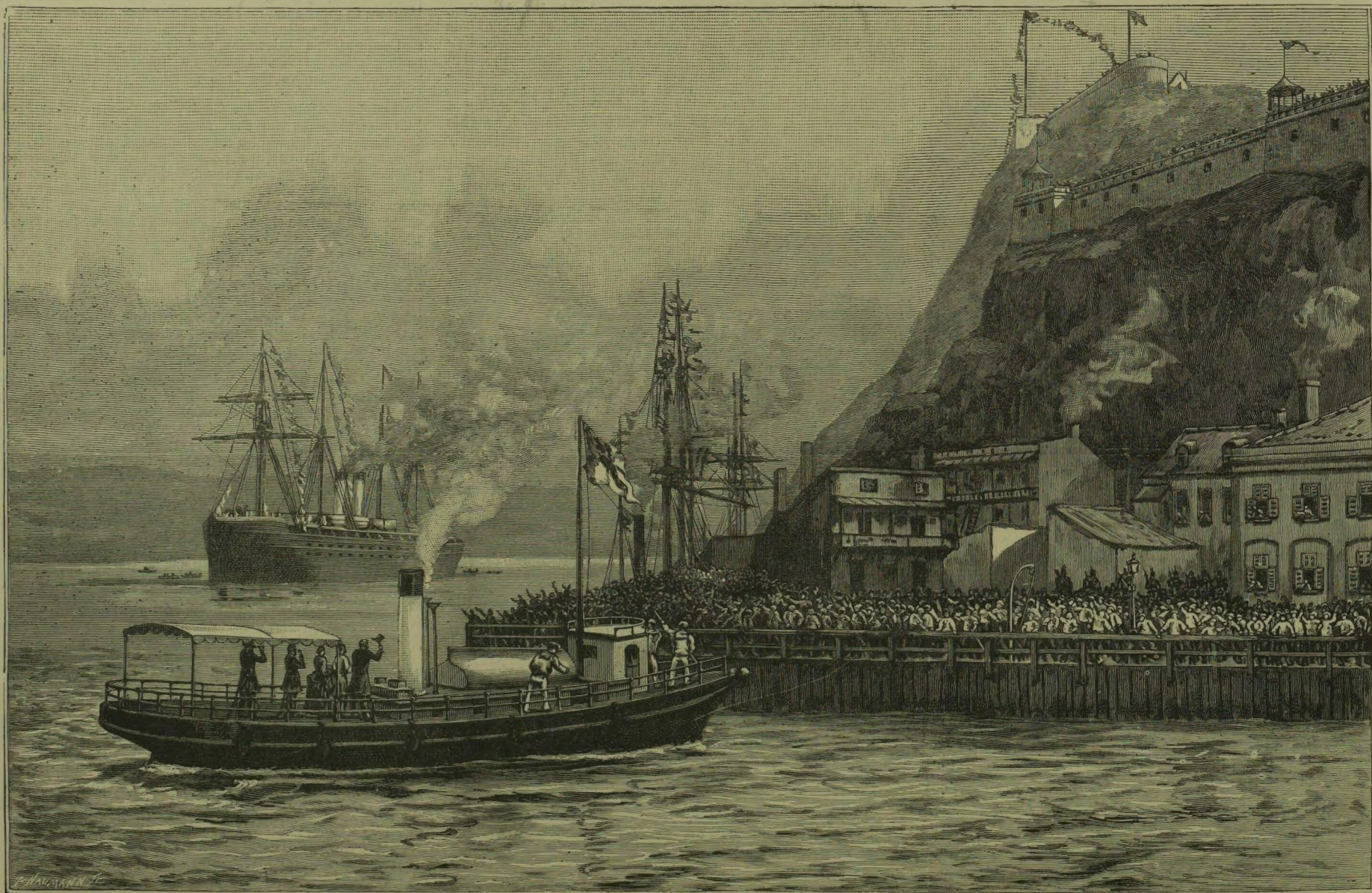
THE ISLINGTON HORSE SHOW.

The twenty-fifth annual horse show at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, was held from Saturday, June 2, to June 8, and was very well attended, especially on Tuesday, when the Prince and Princess of Wales, with their three daughters, were among the visitors, and saw the leaping and the parade of horses. The judging for prizes in thirty-three classes, which comprised nearly 250 animals, occupied much time during the first three days. Our Illustrations represent three of the winners of first prizes; namely, the best weight-carrying hunter, Champion, a brown gelding sixteen hands high, aged, belonging to Mr. A. Byass, of Norton Hall, Daventry; the hackney mare, Lady Sapphire, brown with white star, well bred, five years old, over fourteen hands two inches, owned by Mr. H. C. Cogswell; and Confidential, entire bay horse, five years old, under fifteen hands, which took the prize in that class; also the pretty little pony Hoplemuroma, a roan mare, belonging to the Ladies Hope, Long Cross House, Chertsey.

COAST DEFENCES: THE MERSEY.

The entrance to the Mersey, the greatest port of maritime traffic in England, destined hereafter to include that of the Manchester Ship Canal as well as that of Liverpool, ought to be protected by fortifications that would defy the naval attack of any foreign Power. The present defences, consisting of the North Fort, on the Lancashire sea-coast, outside the mouth of the river, to the north of the docks and the town, and the old Perch Rock Battery at New Brighton, on the Cheshire coast, do not seem adequate to the need of safety.

The battery at New Brighton, situated near the end of the Promenade, close to the Rock Lighthouse, was built in 1826; it occupies a space of 4000 yards square on a sandstone islet, surrounded by water at high tide, and approached by a draw-bridge from the mainland. It has embrasures for sixteen large guns, besides other guns on the towers; but of its present armament we have no exact knowledge. We look to the War Office, to her Majesty's Government, and to Parliament, for measures to secure our coasts and ports.



DEPARTURE OF LORD LANSDOWNE, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA, FROM QUEBEC.



1. "Champion"—Champion Hunter, First Prize and Silver Cup.

2. "Hoplemuroma"—Roan Mare Pony, height, 8 hands 3½ inches.

3. "Lady Sapphire"—First Prize, Champion Mare in Hackney Class.

4. "Confidential"—First Prize, Hackney Sires.

PRIZE HORSES AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The past week and that just ended have been busy ones in our operatic annals, although there has been only one great London establishment in active operation—that at Covent-Garden Theatre, so energetically directed by Mr. Augustus Harris. The production of Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine" has already been commented on. On the following night, "La Traviata" was repeated, with the exquisite performance of Madame Albani as Violetta—the cast otherwise as before. Next evening, "Faust" was given again, with the title-character and that of Mephistopheles sustained, respectively, by M. J. De Reszké and M. E. De Reszké—performances that were each alike admirable, both from a vocal and dramatic point of view. Madame Nordica sang extremely well as Margherita, especially in the love-music of the garden-scene, and Madame Scalchi resumed her part as Siebel—other characters having been as before. "Faust" was followed, on June 7, by a repetition of "Don Giovanni," with two important changes from the cast as recently given: the character of Donna Elvira having been assigned to Miss Macintyre, and that of the Don to M. Lassalle. The first-named part was to have been filled by Miss Macintyre in the previous representation of the opera; but, owing to her indisposition, she was suddenly replaced by Mdlle. Rolla, who proved a very efficient substitute under the circumstances. In Miss Macintyre's performance as Elvira, she not only sang the arduous music very artistically, but also manifested a decided advance in histrionic power. M. Lassalle sang and acted with genuine effect, and Madame Fürsch-Madi was again highly successful as Donna Anna, her declamation and dramatic expression having been, throughout, of a high order. The fine aria, "Or sai" (with its impressive preliminary recitative) has scarcely ever been better delivered than on this occasion, other features of the cast were as recently. June 8 was appropriated to another repetition—that of "Le Nozze di Figaro," with the same strong cast as before. On Saturday, June 9, Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots" was given, for the first time this season, with an excellent general cast, which included M. Jean De Reszké as Raoul, M. E. De Reszké as San Bris, Madame Nordica as Valentina, Miss Ella Russell as Margherita di Valois, and other effective performances. The first-named gentleman's chivalrous bearing and impassioned singing were displayed with great effect in the part of the Huguenot hero, his fine tenor voice having told most impressively in the duet-septet and the grand impassioned duet with Valentina at the close of the third act. The other male character just specified also found an admirable representative in the gentleman named, who gave an excellent rendering of the part of the stern, remorseless Catholic noble. Madame Nordica, as Valentina, proved that her power of expressing intense emotional sentiment has greatly developed. She sang with fine effect in the more impassioned passages, notably in the great duet with Raoul. Miss Ella Russell gave the graceful and courtly music of Margherita di Valois with bright fluency, and her clear high soprano notes told excellently in the first finale. How beautifully Madame Scalchi sings the music of Urbano, the Page, has too often been demonstrated to need fresh comment. Signor Navarini was a satisfactory Marcello, Signor Del Puente a chivalrous Di Nevers, and other characters were well filled. The augmented body of choristers gave the choral music most impressively, particularly the fine scene of the Benediction of the Poignards. Signor Mancinelli conducted the performances just referred to, excepting that of "La Traviata," which was directed by Mr. Randegger. On Monday, "Faust" was again given, cast as before, with the exception of the transference of the character of Valentino to that excellent dramatic vocalist, M. Lassalle (Signor Del Puente, its recent representative, having then received a slight injury in the hand in the duet scene). Other performances, including the promised debut of Signor Guille and of Mdlle. Columbia, and the production of "Lohengrin," must be spoken of hereafter.

The week beginning June 11 was ushered in by a grand morning concert at St. James's Hall, supported by artists of the Royal Italian Opera, who contributed many interesting performances of music too familiar to need specification.

The concert of Dr. Wylde's London Academy of Music, at St. James's Hall, could only be barely mentioned in our previous issue. It was a very successful display of the progress of the pupils in various branches of vocal and instrumental performance; and gave good proof of the efficiency of the direction of the Principal. In vocal pieces by classical and popular composers, Misses Christie, L. Ferrari, L. Dufour, and A. Wray, and Mr. C. Koch more or less distinguished themselves; and this was the case in the instrumental selection, as evidenced by pianists (Misses C. Lownes, F. Henderson, M. Hyman, and E. Fraser) and violinists (Misses J. Hudson, Munday, and C. Fisher).

Mdlle. Vittoria De Bunsen's concert (at 27, Harley-street) on June 7 included a selection of Scandinavian music, in which her accomplished vocal performances, and those of other vocalists, were successfully displayed.

The Charles Hallé chamber music concerts at St. James's Hall have completed four of the eight performances of the season. The fourth concert, on June 8, included Beethoven's solo pianoforte sonata in A (Op. 101), four characteristic pieces by Dr. Mackenzie for violin (Madame Norman-Néruda), with pianoforte accompaniment; Schumann's "Märchen-Erzählungen" for piano, violin (Madame Néruda), and viola (Herr Straus); and Brahms's trio for piano, violin, and horn, Mr. Paersch having sustained the latter instrument.

The present season of the Richter Concerts, at St. James's Hall, has more than half completed its series of nine performances, the fifth concert having taken place on June 11, when there were no absolute novelties in the programme.

The Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace will be the special event of the musical season, and will have to be commented on in our next and subsequent issues.

At Mr. W. G. Cusins's annual morning concert at St. James's Hall, on June 7, the programme was of strong and varied interest.

Mr. Ambrose Austin's testimonial concert, at St. James's Hall, has been more than once adverted to by us, in recognition of its worthy fulfilment of a deserved tribute to business efficiency and invariable courtesy. Pressure on space compels postponement of reference to details.

Dr. Hans Von Bülow gave the second of his cyclus of Beethoven performances at St. James's Hall on June 12, when his programme comprised four of the pianoforte solos, sonatas, and two sets of variations.

The Peterborough (third triennial) Festival, so called, took place in the Cathedral there, on June 7. As the performances were limited to one day, and consisted of familiar works—"St. Paul," Rossini's "Stabat Mater," and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise"—no comment is needed. The principal solo vocalists engaged were Misses Anna Williams and L. Little, Mr. Banks, and Mr. Grice, Dr. Keeton, organist of Peterborough Cathedral, having been the conductor.

Madame Sophie Menter's second and last pianoforte recital

was announced for Thursday afternoon, June 14, at St. James's Hall; another pianoforte recital on the same date having been that of Miss M. Bateman at Steinway Hall.

Madame Sophie Lowe and Miss M. Wurm's morning concert at Prince's Hall on June 12 put forth a good programme, comprising vocal performances by the first-named lady and pianoforte playing by the other executant, each of whom is distinguished in her respective vocation.

The concert of Mr. Charles Gardner, on June 9, was interesting on several accounts—among others, from his performance, in association with Mr. W. L. Barrett and Mr. W. Wotton, of Beethoven's early trio for pianoforte, flute, and bassoon, which was given at Mr. Oscar Beringer's pianoforte recital on May 15, in an adapted shape, with the wind instruments replaced by violin and violoncello.

Miss Sophie Weil gave a concert at Steinway Hall, on June 12, when her own earnest pianoforte playing in solo pieces, violin solos by Miss G. Morgan, and a concertante sonata by the two executants, were interspersed with songs contributed by Miss G. Aylward.

The death of Madame Balfe (at the age of eighty) has removed a link that united the present musical period with one that gave a great impulse to English opera through the many successful productions of her late husband, Michael William Balfe. The deceased lady was Hungarian by birth, Lina Rosen by name, and gained much distinction, before her marriage, on the operatic stage abroad; her advantages of personal appearance and her vocal and dramatic abilities having been considerable. She was devotedly attached to her distinguished husband, and was prominently associated in the performance of several of his operas here. After his death, the preservation of his memory was largely promoted by his widow by the foundation of the Balfe Scholarship in the Royal Academy of Music, the erection of a statue in Drury-Lane Theatre and a tablet in Westminster Abbey; and the production, at Drury-Lane Theatre in 1874, of "Il Talismano," an Italian version of "The Knight of the Leopard," a posthumous English opera left in manuscript by the composer. One of Balfe's daughters, Victoria, became eminent as a dramatic vocalist, but soon relinquished the career on her marriage.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

P. EDWARDS (Ranikhet, India).—Your solution of No. 2297 is quite wrong. Look again at the effect of L. K. takes P.

W. T. SMITH (Hailsham).—In common with many correspondents, you have overlooked the play of the Black Bishop in your proposed solution of No. 2304. In regard to the other matter, you can please yourself; we have neither preference nor prejudice.

R. F. N. BANKS.—Your first solution of No. 2304 is right, your second altogether wrong.

N. FEDEX (Clifton) and F. N. BRAND (Ware).—Thanks for games which shall have our early attention.

G. B. HEWETT (Bombay).—We cannot undertake to answer by post. J. Wade, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, will supply your wants. Solutions acknowledged below.

T. H. WHITE (Durban, Port Natal).—Your problem was evidently overlooked. It has now been examined carefully; but is scarcely good enough for publication. The position would do as the last two moves of a three-move problem, but as it stands, it lacks variety. We are glad to hear chess is looking up in the colony, and hope to receive proofs of its vitality.

A. P. SILVERA (Jamaica).—Thanks for the problems. One is marked for insertion. Your criticism of No. 2286 is perfectly correct.

L. DESANGES.—The problem shall appear at no distant date.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2296 received from A. P. Silvera (Jamaica); of No. 2297 from A. P. Silvera and G. B. Hewett; of No. 2298 from P. Edwards (Ranikhet, India); of No. 2299 from G. B. Hewett; of No. 2300 from Rev. John Willis (Barnstable, U.S.A.); Joseph L. Pullen, and E. Ellaby; of No. 2301 from E. R. Ellaby and J. W. Shaw (Montreal), An Old Lady (Paterson), and R. C. Pearson (Hamilton, Canada); of No. 2302 from E. R. Ellaby and J. L. Pullen; of No. 2303 from J. L. Pullen, E. R. Ellaby, R. Smith (Keith), Peterhouse, A. W. Hamilton Gell, F. H. M., Odham Club, H. P. (Dudley), L. Penfold, T. G. (Ware), and J. Hall.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2304 received from L. Desanges, E. E. H., G. J. Veale, J. G. Hanks, Lieut.-Col. Loring, T. Roberts, Jupiter Junior, H. Lucas, E. Phillips, E. Casella (Paris), E. Sharswood, L. Wyman, A. Fraser Smith, G. Hillier, Howard A. D. McCoy, Ruby Rook, Julia Short, R. H. Brooks, G. Glover, F. Drew, Dr. F. St. A. G. W. (Dover), Phiz, J. R. Newman, J. Hepworth Shaw, T. Schumcke, Bernard Reynolds, R. Worters (Canterbury), C. T. Bourne, Peterhouse, A. W. Hamilton Gell, F. L. Jackson, Dr. Watz, Joseph L. Pullen, Mrs. Kelly, F. H. M., Odham Club, W. R. Baillem, G. T. Addison (York), H. P. (Dudley), Dane John, C. E. P., Columbia, W. P. (Enfield), T. G. (Ware), Percy Andrea (Clapham), Thomas Chown, J. Hall, R. F. N. Banks, J. D. Tucker (Leeds), Shadforth, Anglim (Lyne Regis), Hereward, Carslake W. Wood, and F. West.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2302.

WHITE.
1. B to R 8th
2. B to R 7th (ch)
3. Q to Kt 8th. Mate.

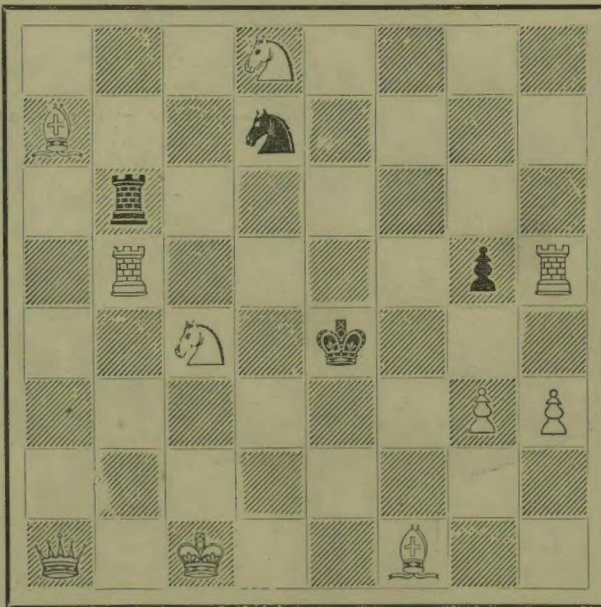
BLACK.
B to B 7th
K takes Kt

The above is the Author's solution; but, unfortunately, it admits of a common-place solution by 1. Q to R 5th.

PROBLEM No. 2306.

By E. J. WINTER WOOD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

The handicap at the British Chess Club is now in full swing, and promises some interesting play, although Mr. Mason, the second in the Divan tournament, unfortunately withdrew at the last moment. Amongst recent noteworthy incidents were Pollock's defeat of Gunsberg and Zukertort's success over Mortimer, after a struggle extending over seventy moves. Bird lost to Blackburne, but scored against his other opponents. The following are some of the latest results:—Zukertort, won 4, lost 0; Blackburne, won 2, lost 0; Bird, won 3, lost 1; Mortimer, won 2, lost 1; drawn 1; Pollock, won 1, lost 1; Wainwright, won 2; Michael, won 2, drawn 1.

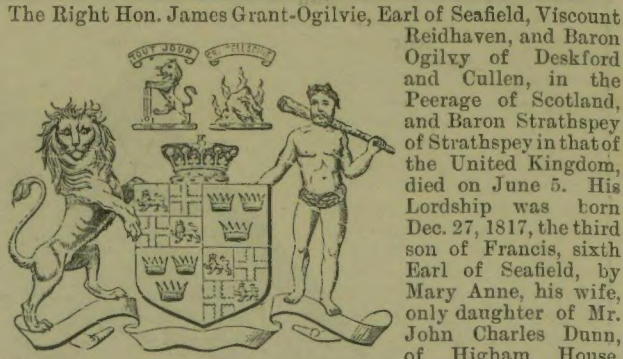
The City Chess Club Tournament has ended in favour of Mr. Honnell, who scored seven out of a possible nine; Messrs. Hooke and Alexander tie for the second and third prizes with a score of six each; and Mr. H. Jones takes the fourth prize with five games and a half to his credit. There were 130 competitors.

A match between the Brighton Chess Club and that of Hastings and St. Leonards was played at Brighton on June 5, and resulted in favour of the local team by 10½ games to 6½. There were ten players a side, many of whom, it will be seen by the score, fought a second time.

Mr. Wyke Bayliss, the recently-elected president of the Society of British Artists, is a well-known chessplayer, and ranks amongst the best amateurs in the country. He is also a blindfold player of really considerable power.

OBITUARY.

EARL OF SEAFIELD.



The Right Hon. James Grant-Ogilvie, Earl of Seafield, Viscount Reidhaven, and Baron Ogilvy of Deskford and Cullen, in the Peerage of Scotland, and Baron Strathspey of Strathspey in that of the United Kingdom, died on June 5. His Lordship was born Dec. 27, 1817, the third son of Francis, sixth Earl of Seafield, by Mary Anne, his wife, only daughter of Mr. John Charles Dunn, of Higham House, Surrey, and succeeded his nephew March 31, 1884. He was Vice-Lieutenant of Morayshire, Deputy-Lieutenant of Banffshire and Invernessshire, and Hon. Colonel Elgin Rifle Volunteers. He sat in Parliament as Conservative member for Elgin from 1868 to 1874, when he was defeated. He married, firstly, April 6, 1841, Caroline Louisa, second daughter of the late Mr. Eyre Evans, of Ashhill Towers, in the county of Limerick, grand-nephew of George, first Lord Carbery; secondly, April 12, 1853, Constance Helena, fourth daughter of Sir Robert Abercromby, fifth Baronet, of Birkenbog; and thirdly, Dec. 15, 1875, Georgiana Adelaide, widow of Mr. William Stuart, of Aldenham Abbey, Herts, and Tempford Hall, Bedfordshire, and daughter of General Frederick N. Walker, K.C.H., of Manor House, Bushey. By his first wife (who died Feb. 6, 1859) he had an only son, Francis William, Viscount Reidhaven, now ninth Earl of Seafield, who was born in 1847, married, in 1874, Ann Trevor Corry, daughter of Major George Evan, and has issue.

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS C. DOYLE, BART.

Sir Francis Hastings Charles Doyle, Bart., D.C.L., died suddenly on June 8, at 46, Davies-street. This distinguished scholar and poet was born on Aug. 22, 1810, and educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford, in which University he was Professor of Poetry from 1867 to 1877. Until some few years before his death, Sir Francis was a Commissioner of Customs, having previously held the office of Receiver-General of Customs, to which he was appointed in 1846. In early life he was an intimate friend of Mr. William Ewart Gladstone, to whom he acted as best man on the occasion of his marriage. Sir Francis is well known as the author of "The Private of the Buffs," "The Spanish Mother," and other poems. His "Reminiscences and Opinions," published at the close of his life, contain much of interest. On Dec. 12, 1844, he married Sidney, youngest daughter of the Right Hon. C. W. Williams-Wynn, M.P., and by her (who died Nov. 23, 1867) he had, with other issue, an eldest surviving son, the present Sir Everard Hastings Doyle.

SIR PHILIP MILES, BART.

Sir Philip John William Miles, second Baronet, of Leigh Court, in the county of Somerset, died at his residence, 75, Cornwall-gardens, S.W., on June 5. He was born Sept. 2, 1825, the eldest son of Sir William Miles, first Baronet, by Catherine, his wife, daughter of Mr. John Gordon, and was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was a Justice of the Peace and Deputy Lieutenant for Somersetshire, and sat in Parliament for that county as a Conservative from 1878 to 1885. He was formerly in the 17th Lancers. He married, Oct. 17, 1848, Frances Elizabeth, daughter of Sir David Roche, first Baronet, and leaves, with three daughters, an only surviving son, now Sir Cecil Miles, third Baronet, who was born in 1873.

COLONEL THE RIGHT HON. KING-HARMAN

Colonel the Right Hon. Edward Robert King-Harman, P.C., died at his residence, Rockingham, in the county of Longford, on June 10. He was eldest son of the Hon. Lawrence Harman King, and grandson of Robert Edward, first Viscount Lorton. Colonel King-Harman was born April 3, 1838, and educated at Eton. At an early age he received a commission in the 60th Royal Rifles, and was afterwards Captain Royal Longford Militia. On Aug. 20, 1861, he married Emma Frances, daughter of Sir William Worsley, first Baronet of Hovingham, and by her had an only son, whose recent death greatly depressed him. In 1877 he contested the county of Sligo with the support of the Nationalists, and was returned; in 1883, he was elected, as a loyal Unionist, to represent the county of Dublin in Parliament; and in 1885 and 1886 he was returned for the Isle of Thanet. His appointment to the office of Parliamentary Under-Secretary last year is still fresh in our memory.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Colonel Stephen Edward Rice Butler, Madras Staff Corps, June 3, at Castle Donington, near Derby.

Mr. Anthony Wilkinson, J.P. and D.L. for the county of Durham, on June 4, aged eighty-one.

Mr. Dennis De Berdt Hovell, at Boreham Holt, Elstree, Herts, suddenly, on June 5, aged seventy.

Major-General George Shepherd Stevens, late Commandant Aden Troop, at 64, Eaton-terrace, on May 27, aged fifty-two.

General Sir James Alexander, K.C.B., Colonel Commandant, R.H.A., at 35, Bedford-place, Russell-square, on June 6, aged eighty-five.

General Frederick Darley-George, C.B., Colonel 22nd Cheshire Regiment, at his residence, Brunswick-place, Brighton, on June 2, aged seventy-nine.

The Rev. William Thorold, M.A., J.P., for forty-six years Rector of Warkleigh-with-Satterleigh, suddenly, on June 2, aged seventy-seven.

The Rev. Richard Williams Mason, M.A., Rector of Llantrisant, Bangor, at his residence, Plas Bodafon, Anglesea, on June 2, aged seventy.

Lieutenant-Colonel John Matthew Benthall, late 1st Dragoon Guards, at 51, Cornwall-gardens, S.W., on June 2, aged forty-seven. He served with his regiment in the Zulu War of 1879 (medal with clasp, and mentioned in despatches).

The Hon. Leonard Allen Addington at his residence, Ratclyffe, Whimple, Devon, on June 4, aged sixty. He was the third son of William, second Viscount Sidmouth, by Mary, his wife, eldest daughter of the Rev. John Young, Rector of Thorpe Malsor, in the county of Northampton, and was brother of the present Viscount.

The fifty-first anniversary festival of the London Coffee and Eating House Keepers' Association was held on June 11 at the Holborn Restaurant, the donations amounting to £152.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Fashion is rapidly following the example of the Princess of Wales in wearing more diamonds than has for some time past been considered in good taste. At the State ball on June 6, I hear that several dresses were trimmed on the skirt with diamond brooches. At the Duchess of Westminster's dance, too, the Marchioness of Londonderry (whose jewels are wonderful) made a very striking appearance by having her black tulle ball-dress adorned down the front of the skirt with five large diamond stars, and the drapery at the side supported by a diamond buckle. At the opera, on the night when "Faust" was given, I noticed a black silk dress made brilliant by having a diamond necklace sewn along the edge of the low bodice. Another lady wore a large diamond buckle in her hair. It is fashionable, too, for a diamond necklace to be twisted in with the loops and high folds, which are the most popular style of hair-dressing. Diamond stars arranged as a coronet and diamond tiaras are, of course, always worn on state occasions by those who possess them; but diamond ornaments fixed on velvet bandeaus, diamond brooches pinned in bows of ribbon, diamond-topped hair-pins, and a new form of spray made purposely for wear on the hair, in which a holder supports a tiny ostrich feather in front of an aigrette of osprey, mixed with fine gold sprays, each upstanding tip of the latter being adorned with a single diamond—all these are being commonly worn. Indeed, the head is now generally decorated in evenings. Several combs, tortoise-shell or jewelled at the top, may be worn at one time; while some well-dressed women at the opera have made their heads almost like flower-gardens; but this latter, though a revival of an old fashion, is not quite good style at present in private society. "Directoire wreaths," small and rather flat, laid across the front of the head, are proper with that style of dress; but what I have said above about the decoration worn on the head this season applies to ordinary evening dress.

In evening gowns, there is practically no change from last season. Trains are universally worn now by all but young girls. Low bodices are indispensable for full toilette—unfortunately, from the hygienic point of view. It is permissible, except in the fullest dress, to have the bodice open only in front, and to keep it high behind, and this is certainly wiser than a low cut both back and front, as it is easy on encountering a sudden draught to protect the front of the chest with the fan, or to turn one's back to it a little, while a fully low bodice allows of no such temporary protection. As a fact—any doctor will confirm me in saying—the back of the chest needs some protection as much as the front; the lungs are, indeed, nearer to the surface just against the shoulders at the back than elsewhere, so that it is a certain advantage from the point of view of health to have the high back. If the Empire style of short round bodice and long straight skirts continues to gain ground, however, it will be no use advocating the protection of the back of the shoulders, as in that style the low cut straight round is necessary.

A great many nice frocks were seen at a very large soirée which was held by "The Salon," on June 7, at the gallery of the Water-Colour Institute, in Piccadilly. "The Salon" is a private society of people literary, artistic, musical, and what not. In order to belong to it, one must have "done something"—as the children say—something, however, not naughty, but good: perhaps not very good, but "something" which shall have been at least a fair effort after artistic excellence. The tree of fame, from which so many poor mortals are trying to pluck the fruit (some languidly, and some with feverish avidity), has, alas! such tiny growths on its crowded lower branches, and the topmost boughs, where the splendid prizes grow, are so far away—so hard to reach! "The Salon" is, however, a Republican brotherhood: it is open to all the "literary and artistic." The obscure journalist, the author of the unnoticed "shilling shocker," the artist whose canvases go direct to the suburban auction-room, the musician whose only title to attention consists in the statement that he or she has had a few lessons from some great singer or executant, the dramatist whose play was damned at a *matinée*—all these are "literary and artistic" characters, as well as the fine and famous gentlemen and ladies to whom the great public takes off its hat and renders general homage as an inalienable tribute. Undeniably, the private who carries his musket in the ranks for ninepence a day is part of the valiant British army as well as the stout warrior with the fine title, the gilded trappings, and the half dozen medals, who bestrides a curvetting charger and has his sword swinging against his stirrup. So "The Salon" contains some of the "all sorts as goes to make up the world" of whom Mrs. Poyser has told us—the world of workers in literature and art in this case.

The society invites guests to its soirées, and amongst the visitors on the recent occasion were Mr. Henry Irving, looking like a very interesting and peculiarly benignant clerical dignitary; Sir Frederick Leighton, with Jove-like head and gracious demeanour; Sir Arthur Sullivan, fresh from the triumph of the revival of "The Mikado" that night, "going better than when it was fresh," as Mrs. Savile Clarke reported; Sir Edwin Arnold, who guides one of the most powerful of the great London dailies; Mrs. Frank Leslie, who does the same for one of the principal American journals, and is known to her compatriots as "the handsomest newspaper man in America"; Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett—a little lady, with a face rather shrewd and clever than so sympathetic as readers of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" might expect; and various other notabilities. A great deal of beautiful dress was to be seen, the spacious galleries of the institute lending themselves specially to its display, and encouraging it accordingly. Miss Ethel Mortlock—who is noted as a painter of men's portraits, having two in the current Academy, and having been specially successful with one of the late Colonel Burnaby—wore a very striking gown of white, with music stripes in bright gold, made with a long train. Mrs. Milton Wellings, wife of the well-known composer, wore a handsome dress of apricot moiré, also made with a train. Mrs. Helen Mathers, the novelist, had a dress of the heavy gold brocade more often used as hangings to a great room than as a gown, made with a *sacque* back, and a short "Empire" body and plain skirt trimmed round the bottom with jet. Mrs. Oscar Wilde, too, had an Empire dress, in perfect taste, made of a pretty pale pink brocade, with just enough fullness in the skirt and just enough lying on the ground by way of train to suit her admirably. There were a few other Empire gowns, but, excepting these, trains were almost universally worn. The note of fashion this season in reception costumes is to have a very handsome material, and make it with a long, plain train, put on the back

with large gathers, so as to give plenty of fullness, but not to drape otherwise.

The Prince and Princess of Wales did much for the University Education of Women (so potent is their influence) when the Princess consented to receive a degree, *honoris causa*, from Dublin University. They have now further distinguished and aided the same movement by accepting an invitation to a garden-party at Newnham Hall, during their recent brief visit to Cambridge to see their son made a Doctor of Laws.—One Newnham student has just gained a first class in the modern languages tripos and one a second class; there were only two successful male candidates, and they were both in the third class.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

SEASIDE SKETCHES: BRITTANY AND JERSEY.

A clever and humorous French artist, M. Mars, some of whose sketches have been furnished to this Journal, adds to the production, in past seasons, of his entertaining pictorial "Albums," engraved by Messrs. Ch. G. Petit and Co., printed and published by Messrs. E. Plon, Nourrit, and Co., of Paris. His charming pictures of childish life, called "Nos Chéris" and "Compères et Compagnons," were noticed by us, and we borrowed two or three of them, by his permission, at the time of their publication. Another book was published, illustrative of the manners and customs of people sojourning at Ostend in the sea-bathing time of summer. "Plages de Bretagne et Jersey," the title of M. Mars' new work, promises greater novelty and variety of scenes, with more of the picturesque also in figures and costumes. This expectation is fulfilled, besides ample provision of harmless fun and drollery, in the contents of nearly forty quarto pages, most of which exhibit several tinted drawings, each with a few words of French, a sly descriptive sentence, a bit of familiar dialogue, or a couplet of verse, to set off the meaning of the situation. To many English summer visitors, the shores of

H.M.S. MEDEA.

Another fine vessel of the new class of swift protected cruisers, designed by Mr. White, the Director of Naval Architecture, was launched on Saturday, June 9, at Chatham Dockyard. One, the *Magicienne*, was launched at Glasgow; the *Medusa* is in progress at Chatham; the *Melpomene* is on the stocks at Portsmouth, and the *Marathon* at Glasgow. The *Medea* is a twin-screw steel vessel, unarmoured, carrying six 6-in. breech-loading guns placed in sponsons built out from the sides of the hull, one on each side at each end, and one on each side amidships. The protection is 3-in. deck plating of the usual arched type; and the engines, developing 9000 indicated horse-power, will give the vessel the fine speed of twenty knots an hour. Besides the above armament, she will carry ten quick-firing guns protected by shields. The conning-tower is the only armoured portion. In length the *Medea* is 265 ft. between the perpendiculars, 41 ft. extreme breadth, and 16 ft. 6 in. depth of hull. Her displacement is 2800 tons. Her draught will be 15 ft. 3 in. forward and 17 ft. 9 in. aft. Her coal capacity is 400 tons, equal to steaming 8000 knots. She was commenced on April 5 last year, having thus occupied only fourteen months in construction. The ceremony of christening was performed by Miss Kelly, daughter of the Admiral Superintendent. The *Medea* was towed into the fitting basin.

TORPEDO EXPERIMENTS AT PORTSMOUTH.

Nearly two hundred members of the House of Commons, conducted by Captain Lord Charles Beresford, R.N., went down to Portsmouth, on Saturday, June 9, to see the dockyard, the ships under construction, and some performances of the torpedo-boats. The visitors were met by the Commander-in-Chief (Admiral Sir George Wiles), the Admiral Superintendent (Rear-Admiral Hopkins), Captain Fitzgerald, R.N., Admiral Field, M.P., Admiral Sir H. Chads, and a number of naval officers from the ships in harbour. After inspecting the dockyard, and lunching there, the party went afloat to

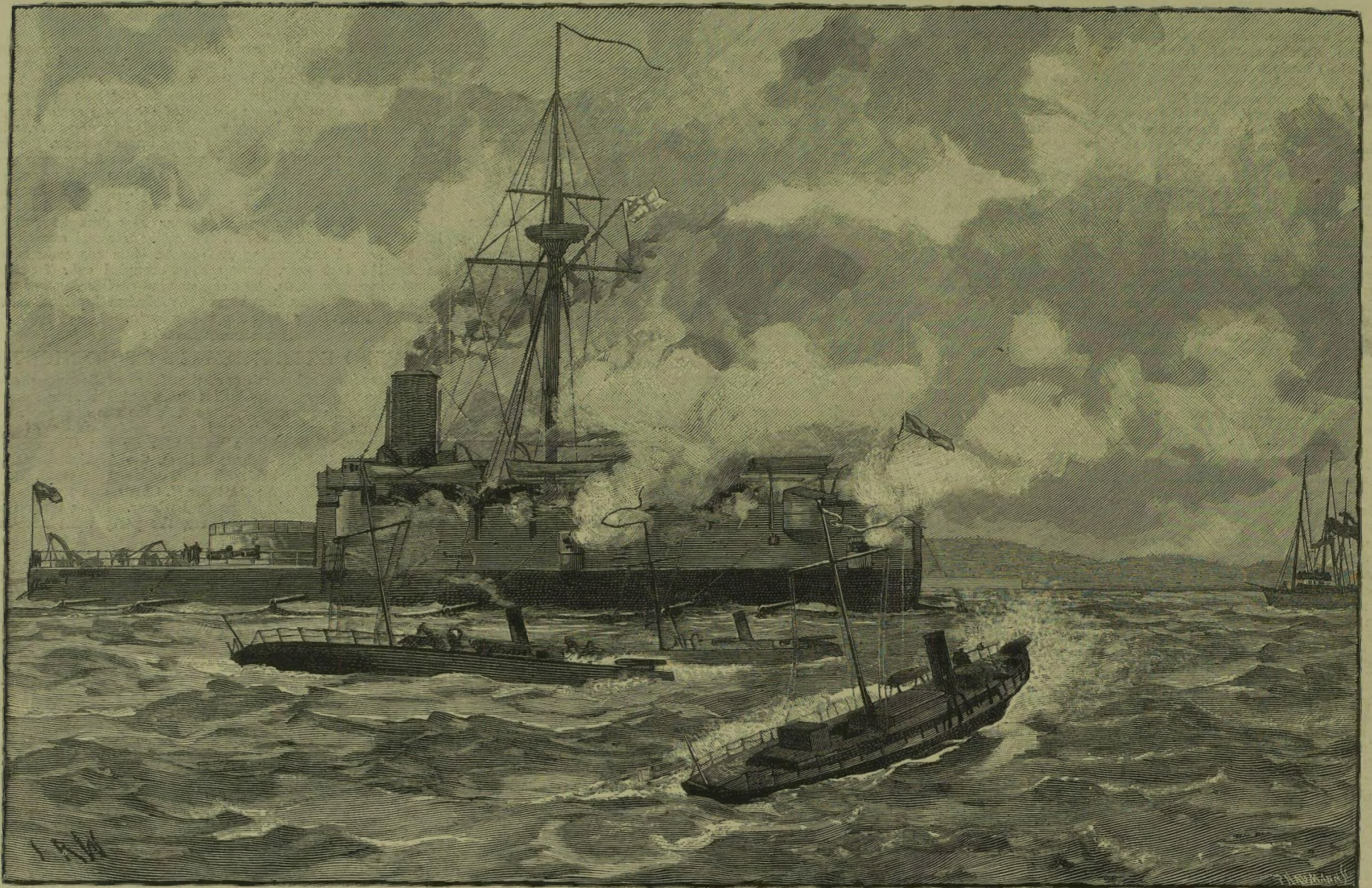


DETAINED BY THE TIDE AT PÉRARIDY.

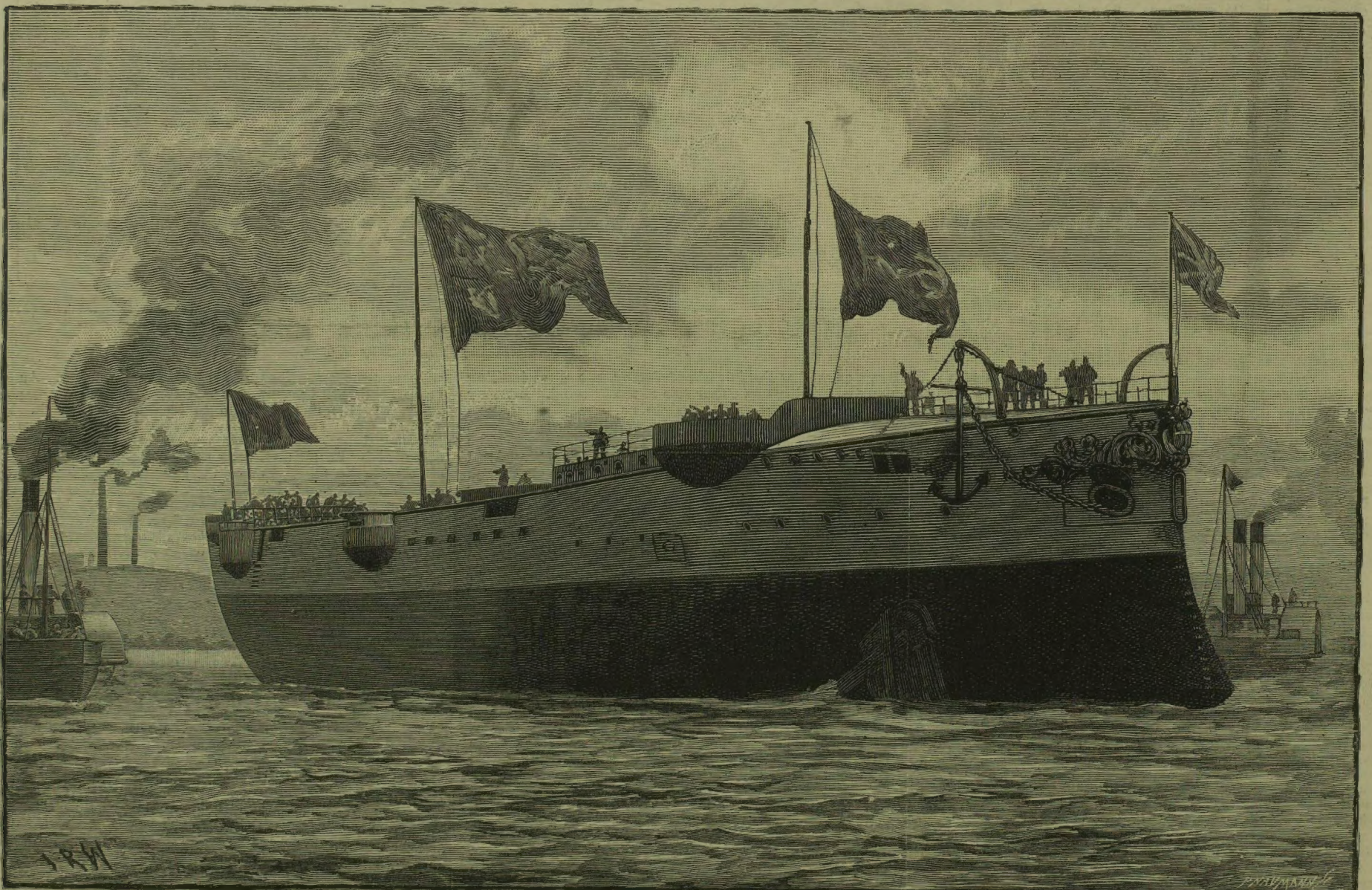
From "Plages de Bretagne et Jersey": Sketches by M. Mars.

Brittany, as well as the fair isle of Jersey, are more inviting than any other places on either side of the Channel. Brittany is still a land of old romance; and to us Great Britons, notwithstanding its undoubted solidarity with modern France, it remains the early home of Celtic legends and traditions. The contrast, however, is very piquant between those local reminiscences of antiquity and the habits both of French and English tourists, or families staying there for health and holiday diversion. St. Malo, with its port and ramparts, where an indiscreet person makes a surreptitious sketch of Fort Impérial, while little boys sail their toy ships in the pond, and where the tomb of Chateaubriand provokes ignorant comments from those unacquainted with French literature, occupies some pages. Cancale, with its famous oysters, of which Louis XVIII. was fonder than of all the honour of his kingdom, and which enhance the flavour of the wholesome vintage of Chablis, is worthy of special remembrance. Less known by repute among those who have not visited Brittany, the peculiar features of Dinard, St. Lunaire, Portrieux, Roscoff, and St. Pol de Léon may be studied in these pictures. The undress attire of many pretty girls represented as bathing, lounging on the sands, or paddling in canoes, though it makes too free an exposure of the limbs, may not offend reasonable spectators, for custom is the rule in such matters after all. The native peasantry, mariners, fishermen, and their wives and children, enter largely into succeeding sketches; and their provincial dialect is rendered as well as the queer French of our own countrymen. In the illustration we have borrowed, a young French soldier and his sweetheart find themselves, whether accidentally or by contrivance, prevented by the tide from quitting a rocky promontory, where they must keep each other company during some hours, which should not be very tedious. Of Brest, little is shown in this book; we see the celebrated monastery and church of Mont St. Michel, perched on its singular rock, with tourists climbing the steps or loitering below. The Jersey sketches are comparatively few and scanty; but they include scenes in the town of St. Helier, Fort Elizabeth, the Corbière Light-house, Montorgueil, and other places, with satirical examples of whimsical English people, who must be uncouth, as they do not exactly copy the French.

witness some operations of modern naval warfare. An extensive and varied programme had been prepared by Captain Long, but the incidents had to be hurried through. The visitors were conveyed to Porchester Creek, where an improvised harbour-attack was witnessed. A channel was defended by an athwart boom and a mine-field, consisting of six observation mines, supposed to contain each 500 lb. of gun-cotton, ranged parallel to the boom, and flanked on either side by as many electro contact mines containing each 76 lb. of explosive, the whole being protected by a number of gun-boats. The action began by a couple of boats being pushed forward to creep for outlying mines and destroy their electrical connections, while two others made a simultaneous rush upon the boom with the object of destroying it by charges of gun-cotton. The *Bloodhound* advanced, towing a barge laden with countermines. These pushed their way through the gap made in the boom, and, having deposited their charges in the midst of the sunken mines in the rear, were understood to have cleared the channel for the entrance of an enemy's fleet. The explosion of a couple of spar torpedoes by steam-launches completed this part of the programme, and the company proceeded to Spithead. The next item on the programme has been described as an example of "naval bull-fighting." The *Hero*, turret-ship, was moored fore and aft in the roadstead for the purpose of being worried by a number of torpedo-boats. First she was attacked by three 125ft. boats with revolving tubes, which advanced in quarter line and discharged their missiles against her port bow. Two of them, as was proved by the burning of Holmes lights, struck her in the desired spot, but as the ship had her nets down they must have expended their energy in the air. She was next attacked from ahead by three torpedo-boats fitted with single revolving tubes, and finally from abeam by three second-class boats with stem-fire discharge torpedoes. But no torpedo assault delivered in daylight could have been practicable under the fire of the quick-firing and machine guns with which the *Hero* defended herself. While these manoeuvres were taking place the Nordenfeldt submarine torpedo-boat, which had come up from Southampton, hovered in the vicinity, and presented a contrast to the service-boats by the smallness of the target which she offered to an enemy's fire. This concluded the events of the day.



TORPEDO-BOAT EXPERIMENTS AT PORTSMOUTH: FLOTILLA DISCHARGING TORPEDOES AS THEY PASS H.M.S. HERO AT SPEED.



LAUNCH OF H.M.S. MEDEA AT CHATHAM DOCKYARD.



AN EGYPTIAN PRINCESS.—BY N. SICHEL.
ENGRAVED BY PERMISSION OF THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, June 12.

The Grand Prix week is always a curious week. Paris assumes a special aspect, and the national temperament may be seen in all its artlessness. It is a popular fête in the highest degree, and a fête from which politics are absolutely excluded. In reality, in spite of their reputation to the contrary, the French detest politics; all they ask is to be allowed to work and to enjoy themselves in peace. This the Parisians did last Sunday, when hundreds of thousands, men, women, and children, swarmed towards the race-course, filled the Bois de Boulogne with joyous groups and various equipages, and acclaimed the victory of the French horse Stuart, and with equal warmth cheered President Carnot, who, with Madame Carnot, assisted at the Grand Prix in the tribune of honour. This is the first time the chief of the State has been acclaimed in such conditions for the past twenty years. The gate-money at Long-champs on Grand Prix day amounted to nearly £14,000. The operations of the mutual pools, or "pari mutuel," reached the sum of upwards of £70,000. The bets made by book privately cannot, of course, be calculated, any more than the prodigious sums spent in carriages, amusements, and women's toilets, which were this year dazzlingly beautiful. Of the race, for the sake of record, we may say that Stuart won easily by three lengths; the English horse, Crowberry, came in second; and St. Gall, third. The Grand Prix this year was worth 144,850 f. The international record of winners of the prize since its foundation stands thus:—French horses, 13; English, 10; Hungarian, 1; American, 1.

The political week has been marked by the continuation of the polemics on the question of the revision of the Constitution, which is vigorously demanded by the Boulangists, the Monarchists, and the Bonapartists, who are allied in the pursuit of the overthrow of Parliamentary Government and of the consultation of the country by a more or less disguised plebiscite. M. Floquet, however, has gained a point in the fact that the Parliamentary Commission appointed to examine the various projects of revision has adjourned to Oct. 25, which is equivalent, apparently, to a burying of the question. The Boulangist electoral campaign in the Department of the Charente in favour of Paul Déroulède is being carried on with unparalleled violence. Yesterday, Déroulède fought a sword duel with the Deputy Emmanuel Arène at Angoulême, in consequence of incidents that occurred at an electoral meeting.

The Academy of Medicine has been making some curious experiments as to the effects of the Lebel bullets on human bodies. Twenty corpses were set up as targets at distances varying from 200 to 2000 metres. The Lebel gun of eight millimètres calibre produces effects as serious as those of the old guns of eleven millimètres. The wounds are very difficult to treat, owing to the smallness of the aperture made by the bullet, and most of the wounds are incurable. The shooting is almost noiseless and accompanied by no smoke whatever.

The Duc and Duchesse de Chartres celebrated their silver wedding yesterday at their Paris house.

Marshal Le Bœuf died last Thursday at the age of seventy-nine. The Marshal's record counted nearly sixty years of service: at twenty-eight he was Chevalier of the Legion of Honour; at thirty-one he was promoted officer as a reward for his bravery. He was one of the bravest, the most brilliant, and the handsomest officers in the French Army; and now his name only calls up the souvenir of the ill-informed Minister of War of Napoleon III., who, on the eve of 1870, uttered the famous words, "Not a gaiter-button wanting." Since the fall of the Empire, Marshal Le Bœuf has lived in absolute retirement in the provinces, waiting for death.

The Budget of the City of Paris for 1889 amounts to 320,566,593f., being sixteen millions more than it was last year. Fifty millions are to be spent on city improvements. The service and interest of the Municipal Debt absorbs one-third of the total Budget.

Paul Rajon, the well-known aquafortist, died suddenly last week at his house at Auvers-sur-Oise, at the age of forty-nine. Rajon had just returned from the United States, where he had spent the winter making etched portraits of celebrities. His trip to America was most successful from all points of view. Rajon's work is so well known in England that it is needless to eulogise his very remarkable talent. T. C.

The Queen Regent of Spain, with the King, and the other members of the Royal family arrived at Madrid from Valencia on June 8. Many distinguished personages assembled at the station to greet her Majesty on her return to the capital. The balconies of the houses along the route to the palace were decorated, and the Queen Regent was respectfully greeted by the people in the streets. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and Prince George of Wales arrived at Madrid on June 12. They were received at the station by the Infanta Isabella, the eldest sister of the late King, who expressed regret that the Queen was unable to be present, owing to indisposition.

King Humbert opened the new Garibaldi bridge in Rome across the Tiber on June 6. The King, the Queen, and the Prince of Naples, accompanied by the Ministers, arrived in Bologna on June 10 for the festivities of the centenary of the University, and were loyally greeted by the crowds which had collected at the station and along the route to the Royal residence. The illustrious guests expected have arrived, and been cordially received by their learned colleagues. Eighty-one universities are represented by 160 professors. King Humbert inaugurated a shooting match, and the Queen was present at a grand classical concert. At five o'clock a monument to Victor Emmanuel was unveiled by their Majesties, being the occasion for a still more enthusiastic demonstration on the part of the people.

The official opening of the Belgian International Exhibition at Brussels took place on June 7, under the most favourable circumstances. The King and Queen, with the Count and Countess of Flanders and other members of the Royal family, were received with the utmost enthusiasm in the Salle des Fêtes by all the Ministers, the Diplomatic Corps, and the notabilities of the kingdom.

The condition of the Emperor Frederick has occasioned grave fears; but the following official bulletin was issued on Wednesday morning, June 13:—"After a good night's rest the Emperor's breathing is easier and quieter. Nourishment is easily given, and his Majesty's strength has improved." The Empress of Germany and Princess Victoria arrived at the Castle of Friedrichskron early on June 10, on their return from visiting the flooded districts in the Vistula Valley.—The Emperor has conferred upon Herr Von Puttkamer, on his retirement from the Ministry, the Grand Cross of the Hohen-zollern Order.—On June 5, in Berlin, large crowds witnessed the annual international velocipede races, when the amateur bicycle championship of Europe was won by Herr Lehr, of Frankfurt.

The Emperor of Austria went to Baden on June 6 to attend the christening of the new-born son of the Archduke Charles

Salvator and the Archduchess Maria Immacolata. Francis, ex-King of Naples, was one of the child's sponsors by proxy. The Archduchess Marguerite Sophie, daughter of Archduke Charles Louis, was installed on the same day at Prague as Abbess of the community of Noble Ladies of the Hradschin. The new Abbess is eighteen years old. The Crown Prince and Princess arrived at Vienna on June 10 and met with an enthusiastic reception. After having been present at laying the foundation-stone of some new barracks at Agram, and receiving ovations from local bodies, concluding with a torch-light procession, they started for Banjaluka, where they arrived next morning. Their Imperial Highnesses were received by a mounted party of young Mussulman nobles, by whom they were escorted to their hotel.—The Austrian and Hungarian Delegations were opened at Pesth on Saturday, June 9; and next day the members were formally received by the Emperor.—Count Taaffe has prorogued the Reichsrath in the name of the Emperor.

The new Egyptian Ministry has been finally constituted as follows:—Riaz Pasha, President of the Council and Minister of the Interior and Finance; Fazri Pasha, Minister of Justice; Zulficar Pasha, Minister for Foreign Affairs; Mustapha Fehmi Pasha, Minister of War; Zeki Bey, Minister of Public Works; Ali Moubarek Pasha, Minister of Public Instruction.

Swarms of locusts, extending over a length of twelve miles and a breadth of six, are advancing in Algeria, and have already devastated parts of the province of Constantine.

The Convention of the Democratic Party, meeting at St. Louis, have unanimously nominated Mr. Cleveland as the President of the United States for a second term of four years. The result was received with the greatest enthusiasm.

Lord Stanley of Preston, the new Governor-General, arrived at Ottawa on June 10, and was sworn in next day. Numerous loyal addresses have been presented to his Excellency, who has been enthusiastically received by the people.

Sir Henry Parkes, the Premier of New South Wales, describing the intentions of the Government, says that the policy provides for the laying of 1800 miles of line at a cost of £11,000,000, and for the material strengthening of the defences of the colony.—In the presence of 8000 spectators, the English football team on Saturday played the return-match against a Fifteen of New South Wales. The visitors again obtained an easy victory. Mr. A. E. Stoddart, for England, made some splendid runs.

Owing to the result of the elections, the Queensland Ministry has resigned, and Sir Thomas McIlwraith has been summoned by the Governor to form a new Cabinet. The Hon. Sir Arthur Hunter Palmer, President of the Legislative Council, has opened Parliament, and Mr. Albert Norton has been unanimously elected Speaker.

MEMORIAL TO THE LATE EARL OF DUDLEY.

The Worcestershire county memorial, erected in the Lady Chapel of Worcester Cathedral, has been formally handed over to the Dean and Chapter. The memorial to the late Lord Lyttelton, formerly in the north transept of the cathedral, has been removed and placed between the central pillars on the north side of the Lady Chapel; the Dudley memorial occupies the corresponding position on the south side of the chapel. The Dudley memorial was designed and executed by Mr. James Forsyth, sculptor, of London, who also executed the Lyttelton memorial. The design of the newly-erected monument is artistic and effective. A more fitting place than the cathedral could not have been selected, seeing that to his munificence was largely due the completion, restoration, and embellishment of that noble edifice. The recumbent effigy on the monument represents the late Earl draped in a Peer's robes. It is executed in white statuary marble, and the likeness is a faithful one. The style of the monument is Gothic, of the Early English period, to harmonise with the architecture of the Lady Chapel. At the four corners are figures emblematic of music, architecture, sculpture, and painting. The decorative part is of alabaster, and the plinth of red granite. The upper part of the open cenotaph is supported by clusters of marble columns, thirty-six in number, rising from a platform, in the centre of which is a white marble cross resting on bronze-coloured marble, surrounded by an enrichment of marble inlays. The label mouldings of the arches are terminated by angels in a devotional attitude. The work is rich alike in work and material. Along the upper part of the monument runs a brass band with a Latin inscription.

THE NEW PUBLIC PARK AT CREWE.

The town of Crewe, in Cheshire, at the junction of the Liverpool and Manchester lines of the London and North-Western Railway, owes its existence to that great Company, which has established here its principal engine and carriage factories and repairing sheds, affording work and subsistence to a population of thirty thousand. On Saturday, June 9, the Duke of Cambridge visited Crewe and opened the Queen's Park, the Jubilee gift of the London and North-Western Railway Company to the borough. His Royal Highness also reviewed the 2nd Cheshire Rifle Engineer Volunteer Corps, which is composed entirely of railway operatives, who are drilled in rail-laying and bridge-making. They are the only corps of the kind in the country. The Duke was entertained by the directors at luncheon, and afterwards inspected the Railway Volunteer Engineers, numbering six hundred men. The new park is forty acres in extent, and, besides making a free gift of it to the town, the Company have spent about £10,000 in laying it out. The Mayor of Crewe received from Sir R. Moon, Chairman of the Company, the deeds of conveyance of the park. An engine-driver named James Middleton, of Birmingham, the oldest driver on the London and North-Western Railway, unveiled a clock-tower and fountain subscribed for by the employés of the Railway Company. Middleton was introduced to his Royal Highness by the Mayor of Crewe, who explained that he was the driver who ran the train from Birmingham to Liverpool that conveyed the announcement of the birth of the Prince of Wales, telegraphic communication not having then been opened. Middleton had been driving over fifty years, and had been offered superannuation, but had declined it, preferring to keep on with his work. He feels "all the better for it," as he told the Duke, who shook hands with him, drinking his health in the fountain water.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

JUNE 16, 1888.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, *Twopence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, *Threepence*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, *Fourpence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *Three-halfpence*.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

AN EGYPTIAN PRINCESS.

The domestic and social position of woman in the Mussulman world has been a theme, alternately, of the poet's garish fancy, as in "Lalla Rookh" and some of Byron's romantic tales in verse, imagining the feminine darlings of the harem surrounded with luxuries and flatteries to be envied by the ladies of Christendom; and of dismal lamentations that so many millions of the sex are treated as captives and slaves, denied the rights of intelligent humanity, as was supposed, and condemned as mere animals "with no souls," by the precepts of the Mohammedan religion. There is, we understand, no such doctrine in that system of Semitic theology, any more than in the ancient Jewish; and a Moslem woman is usually instructed to regard her spiritual destiny with as much faith and immortal hope as the male believer in the Prophet of the Koran. Polygamy, which was also, be it remembered, an institution maintained by the people of Israel, and by the patriarchs before them, in common with other Asiatic nations, must in this age be regarded as an injurious custom, and is revolting to European sentiment. The kind of household imprisonment, the constant surveillance by guardians, keepers, and attendants, who are appointed to follow a Turkish or Egyptian lady wherever she goes, may not in reality be so irksome to her, as it is a token of social rank. Poor women are necessarily exempt from these pompous accompaniments, and their husbands can rarely think of having more than one wife; she too must often go forth to her daily work, and her life cannot be very unlike that of wives of labouring men in Europe. But this Eastern Princess, whose portrait a German artist has painted, looks elegantly haughty, being well aware that beauty is power, and that she has her nominal lord and master, his Highness Mohammed, or Hassan, or Ali Somebody, the slave of conjugal endearments, always at her beck and call. For this, and for the gratification of natural self-complacency, her eye-lashes and eye-brows are made glossy black, with kohl, adding to the lustre of those orbs by which she subdues the heart of a susceptible lover; for this, her superb head-dress, her ample silken robes, her collar of gems and gold coins, are put on with an artful pretence of easy negligence, and earrings, displaying the crescent and the star, deck the proud head of the princely lady. It does not seem, in outward aspect, to betray a sense of social degradation; nor is her position, in after years, liable to be reduced to servile misery by the fading of her youth and beauty; for many a Sultana Validé, many a Dowager Princess in the realms of Islam, has ruled the affairs of Court and State, by sheer intellect and force of will, to the last days of her old age, as Queen Catherine de Medicis did in France.

GRAVESEND QUEEN'S JUBILEE MEMORIAL.

A permanent memorial of her Majesty's Jubilee, in the shape of a tower and clock, has been erected at Gravesend. This tower, which is of Portland stone, with bands of Dumfries stone, was designed by Mr. J. Johnson, of Queen Victoria-street, London, and was constructed by Mr. W. H. Archer, a local builder, the cost being £750. It has been furnished with a clock built by Messrs. Smith and Son, of Derby, and fitted with all the most modern improvements, at a further cost of £225. The starting of the clock, at noon, formed the inauguration ceremony; after the last stroke of twelve had struck, the local Volunteer band played the National Anthem, amid the plaudits of the spectators. Speeches were delivered by the Mayor (Mr. H. Berkowitz, J.P.), who started the clock, and Mr. J. Bayley-White, M.P., and the ex-Mayor (Mr. W. Fletcher, J.P.). At the close of the ceremony a telegram was forwarded to her Majesty at Balmoral informing her of the event, and during the afternoon a reply was received. The Mayor entertained a distinguished company at luncheon at his residence, Tivoli House.



MEMORIAL TO SIR BARTLE FRERE.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Princess of Wales and their daughters Princesses Victoria and Maud, on Tuesday, June 5, unveiled a statue of Sir Bartle Frere, by Mr. T. Brock, A.R.A., erected in the gardens of the Thames Embankment, a little to the west of the National Liberal Club. The statue, eleven feet high, is of bronze, and represents Sir Bartle in his robe as a Knight Commander of the Star of India, wearing the badge of the Order. The pedestal, fourteen feet in height, is of Cornish granite, from the Penryn quarries. It bears on the front an allegorical representation of Patriotism, with the words "Pro patria." On each side is a shield surrounded by oak-leaves, bearing the words, respectively, "India" and "Africa." On the base are palm branches in bronze, with leaves, typical of Sir Bartle Frere's connection with the East. The whole work has cost about £3000. The Royal party, which included the Duke of Cambridge, was heartily cheered. Sir Richard Temple, chairman of the executive committee, invited the Prince of Wales to unveil the statue. The Prince of Wales said that Sir Bartle Frere was a great and valued public servant of the Crown, and a highly esteemed and dear friend of his own. They were doubtless aware of the long and valuable services of Sir Bartle Frere; how in 1834 he first arrived in India, and how he had entered the service of the East India Company. Subsequently he became secretary to Sir George Arthur, and afterwards succeeded Sir James Outram as Resident at Sattara. Later he held for ten years the important post of Chief Commissioner of Scinde; he twice received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, and obtained the Knight Commandership of the Bath for the services he rendered during the Indian Mutiny. For five years he performed the duties of Governor of Bombay, and after thirty-three years of honourable service in India he returned home. He was sent out to Zanzibar for the purpose of entering into negotiations with the Sultan for the suppression of the slave trade. In this he was successful. A few years later his Royal Highness had the good fortune to have his kindly aid during the journey which he made in 1875-6 in India. Sir Bartle had also been Governor at the Cape of Good Hope and High Commissioner in South Africa. His Royal Highness then unveiled the statue amid cheers, and afterwards entered into conversation with Lady Frere. He also congratulated Mr. Brock on the success of his work. It may be added that over £12,000 has been subscribed, that part of the fund not allotted to the cost of the statue being made over, in trust, to Sir Herbert B. Sandford, Mr. Edward Lee Warner, and Mr. E. Sandys Dawes, and invested for the welfare of Sir Bartle's family. Provision has, however, been made by which, in the event of there being at any future time no surviving representative of Sir Bartle Frere's personal descendants, the money subscribed to the Frere Memorial Fund shall be devoted to the foundation of scholarships in memory of Sir Bartle in the three Universities which conferred their honorary degrees upon him—Oxford, Cambridge, and Edinburgh.

Dr. Abbott is about to retire from the head-mastership of the City of London School, after having filled the post for close upon a quarter of a century.

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DR. DUNBAR'S ALKARAM, or
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IF inhaled on the first symptoms, ALKARAM
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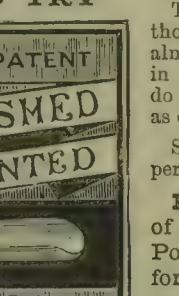




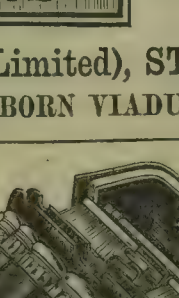
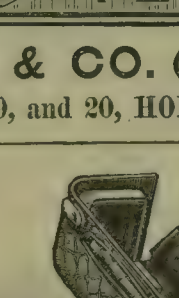
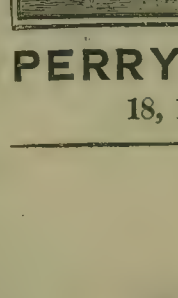
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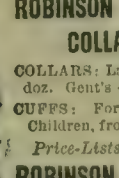





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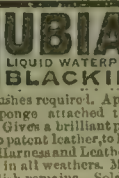
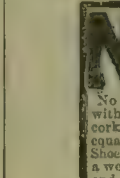
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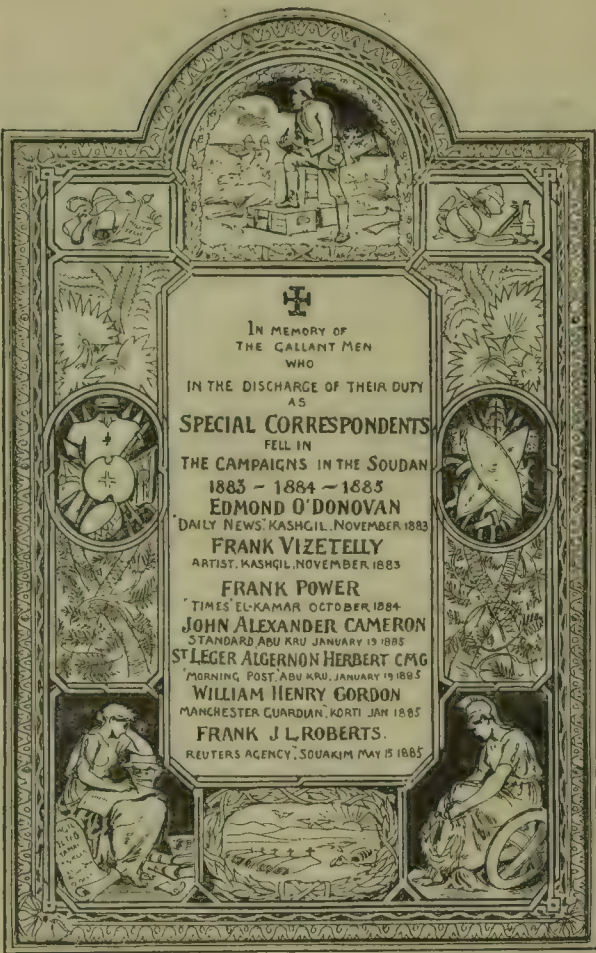
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STATUE OF SIR BARTLE FRERE,
ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

SOUDAN WAR CORRESPONDENTS'
MEMORIAL.

A brass memorial tablet inscribed with the record of seven gentlemen who lost their lives while discharging their duties as special correspondents in the different Soudan Campaigns, from 1883 to 1886, was subscribed for by their brother journalists of the United Kingdom, and, by permission of the Dean and Chapter, has been erected in the Crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral. At the top, within an oaken wreath, is a panel representing a war



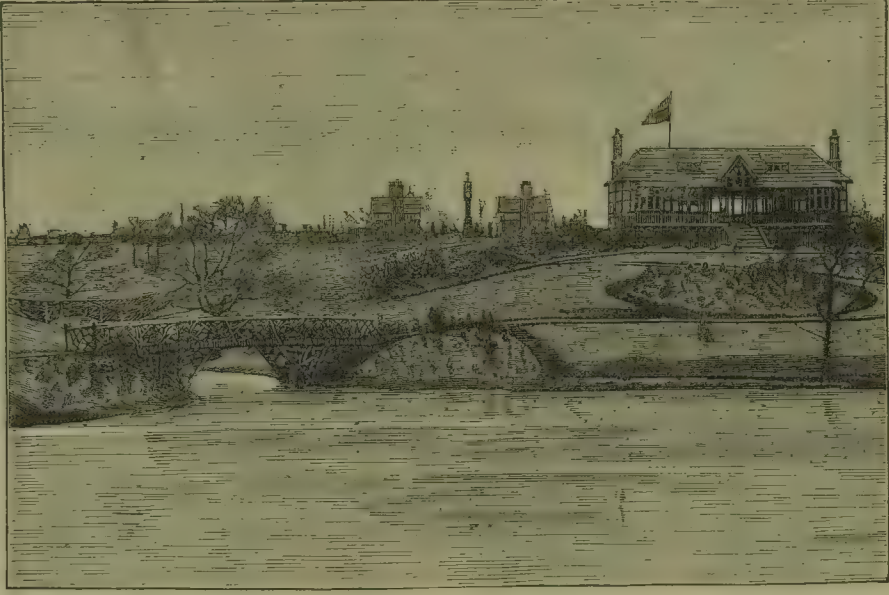
TABLET IN MEMORY OF SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS
KILLED IN THE SOUDAN CAMPAIGN.

correspondent at work making notes near a zereba; behind him lie a wounded camel and a dead man, and soldiers are firing in the background. On each side of this are panels containing the arms and accoutrements of the special correspondent and special artist. Lower down are groups of arms: on one side, those of the Eastern Soudan, with a Mahdi's uniform and banner; on the other side, those of the Western Soudan. The lower angles are occupied by two figures, one representing the Muse of History writing on a scroll, with another scroll beside her inscribed with the names of the chief battles in the Soudan, while the other figure is that of Britannia mourning, and holding in her hand a laurel wreath; the Mahdi's banner lies at her feet. Between these figures is another panel surrounded by a bay wreath, representing their graves in the desert, with vultures hovering above the remains



QUEEN'S JUBILEE CLOCK TOWER,
AT GRAVESEND.

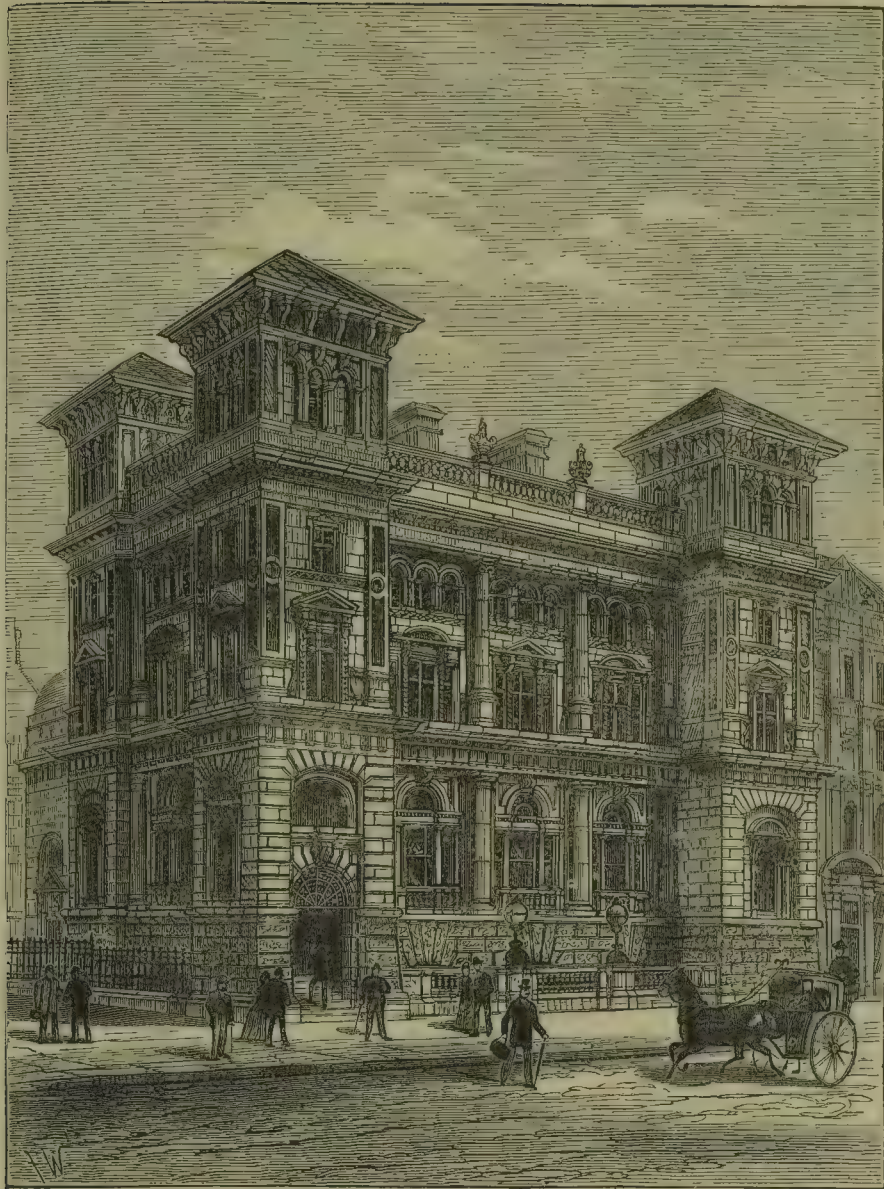
of a camel, and with the setting sun behind. The spaces at the side are filled in with masses of foliage showing the two species of palm most common in the Soudan, their stems entwined with mimosa. Around the tablet is a border of mimosa thorns; outside this, a border of the lotus-flower and buds, with branches of papyrus at the angles. The memorial was designed by Mr. Herbert Johnson, and was executed by Mr. Gawthorpe, of Long-acre. It is composed of one entire piece of latten brass, six feet six inches high, three feet nine inches wide, and mounted on a slab of rouge royal marble.



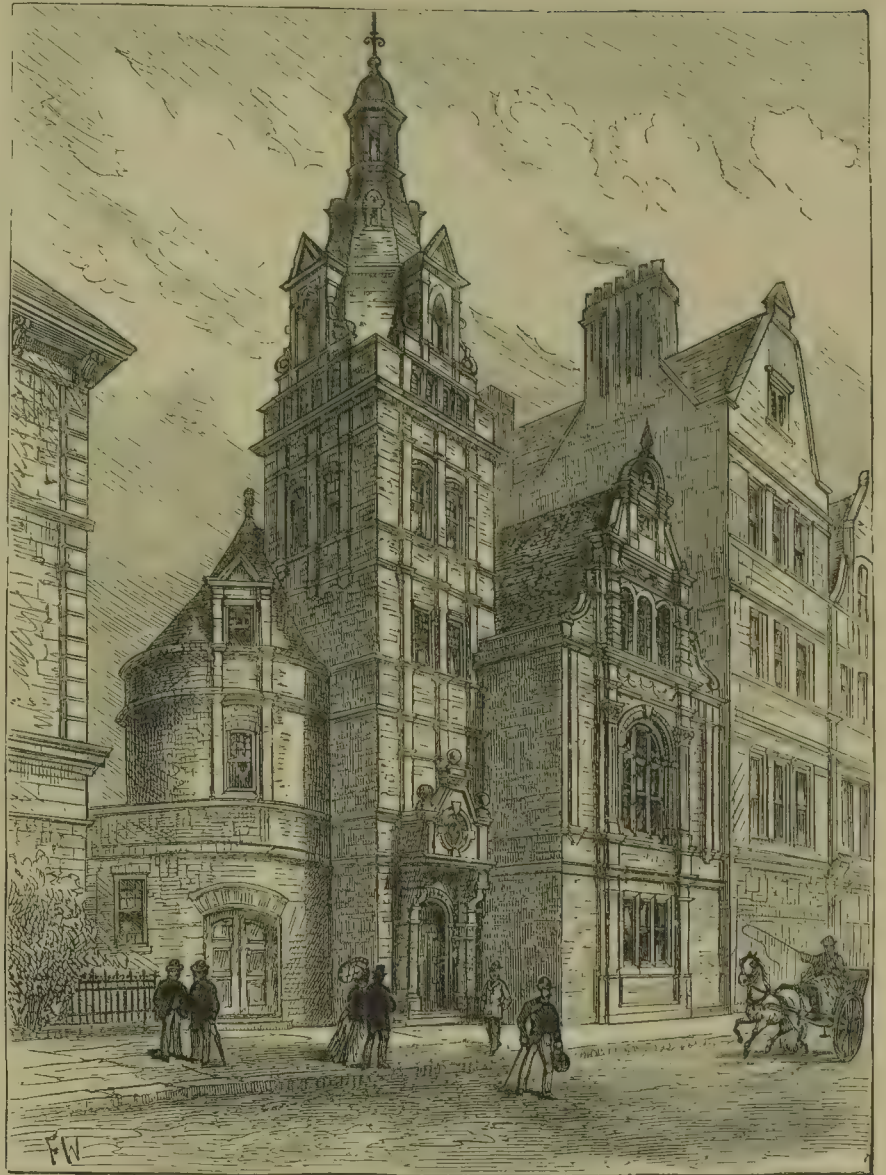
NEW PARK AT CREWE GIVEN BY THE LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY.



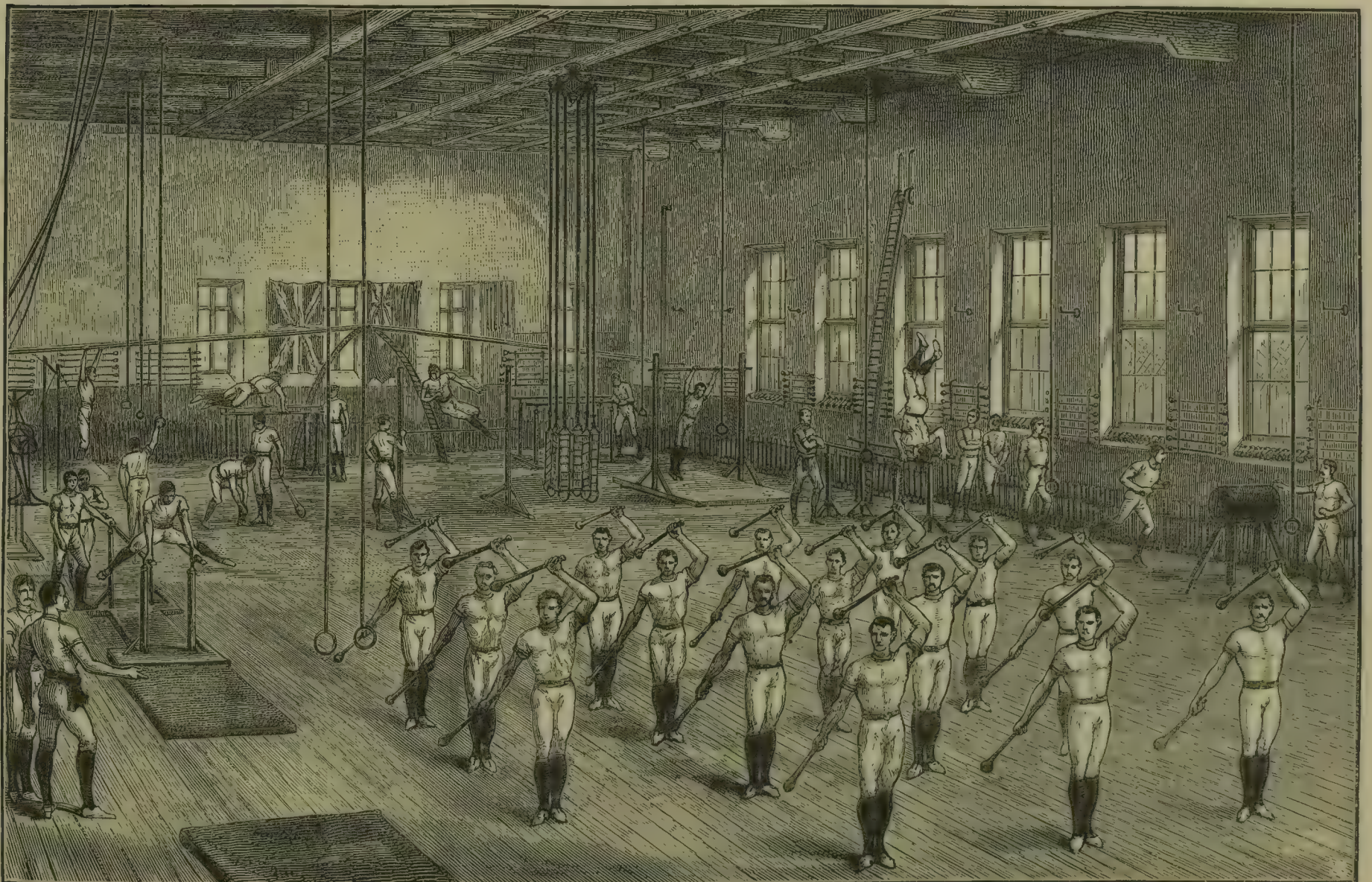
MEMORIAL TO THE LATE EARL OF DUDLEY, IN THE LADY CHAPEL OF WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.



BRANCH BUILDINGS OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND, FLEET-STREET.



HAMPSTEAD PUBLIC BATHS, FINCHLEY-NEW-ROAD.



GYMNASIUM OF THE CENTRAL YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, LONG-ACRE, OPENED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION GYMNASIUM.

The opening of this establishment, at 92, Long-acre, on the site of the Queen's Theatre, but in connection with the Central "Young Men's Christian Association," whose headquarters are at Exeter Hall, Strand, was doubly honoured with Royal patronage on Thursday, June 7, the Prince of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, and the King of Sweden and Norway taking part in the ceremony. There was a peculiar appropriateness in the presence of King Oscar II. on this occasion, for, as his Majesty observed in a brief and graceful speech, muscular training is highly appreciated in Sweden, which has made Europe its debtor for models of the best equipped gymnasia in the world. The Young Men's Christian Association are to be congratulated on securing the Long-acre premises, which are spacious, lofty, well lighted, splendidly ventilated, and provided with every appliance and means of physical exercise; being, altogether, the best for their purpose in London, and probably in the kingdom. For the inaugural occasion the ample vestibule and staircases were carpeted with red cloth, showing to advantage against tasteful groupings of fine foliage and flowering plants, while from the rafters of the great hall hung trophies and flags of many nationalities. Their Royal Highnesses and his Majesty arrived at one o'clock, welcomed with cheering. They were received by the Earl of Aberdeen, President of the Gymnastic Club; Mr. J. Herbert Tritton, President, and other officials of the Young Men's Christian Association; and while the Anglo-Hungarian band played the National Anthem the Royal procession marched to the dais, on which were chairs upholstered in gold and crimson, one of them surmounted by the Prince of Wales's feathers. Over all was a fine canopy with flags. A portion of Psalm cxviii. having been read, and prayer offered by the Bishop of London, the Earl of Aberdeen read an address to his Royal Highness. It stated that the Association, founded forty-four years ago, has nearly 4000 affiliated branches in Great Britain, the Colonies, and the civilised world, seventy-seven of them in London, with an aggregate membership of 250,000. Their object is "permanently to benefit young men, spiritually, intellectually, socially, and physically." Of late years the value of athletics has been more fully recognised, and the committee of the Central Association have availed themselves of that pursuit. The Exeter Hall Gymnasium team have won, in open competition, the 200 guinea challenge shield and gold medals offered by the National Physical Recreation Society. Moreover, the gymnasium is able to supply voluntary teachers who instruct children and others of the poorer classes in the exercises acquired in this place.

The Prince of Wales, in reply to the address, commended the excellent principles and the practical usefulness of the Young Men's Christian Association, combining religious education with physical training and healthy recreation. He thanked the King of Sweden for coming there, and he knew how deeply interested his Majesty was in work of this kind, as drill was such an important part of Swedish education. His Royal Highness declared the gymnasium open, which declaration was received with cheers, especially from the gymnasts at the opposite end of the hall. Mr. Herbert Gladstone, M.P., President of the National Physical Recreation Society, addressing the Prince and King Oscar, stated that the Challenge Shield had been won this year, at the contest in Dundee, by the team of eight belonging to the Exeter Hall Club, and asked his Royal Highness to do them the honour of presenting the shield to the team collectively, and to each of the members a gold medal valued at £10. This shield, a fine piece of work, in solid silver, rested on a table in front of the dais. After the Prince had handed to each member his well-earned medal, the team collectively shouldered the trophy, and marched off with it triumphantly the length of the gymnasium, amid general cheering. To this ensued an exhibition of musical drill—a feature in athletics introduced by Mr. Sully, the director of this gymnasium, who gave the word of command while thirty young fellows went through exercises with the dumb-bells, clubs, and bar-bells. In some

cases, they accompanied their movements with popular songs; in others, the airs were whistled. When the drill was over, the King of Sweden, speaking in English, expressed his approval of the performance, and his best wishes for the progress and prosperity of the Association. The Prince of Wales and King Oscar shook hands with Mr. Sully, and congratulated him and the committee. Of the council of the National Physical Recreation Society there were in attendance, besides Mr. Herbert Gladstone, the Earl of Lathom, Lord C. Beresford, M.P., Lord Harris, Lord Kinnaird, Colonel Onslow, Mr. Alexander (Liverpool), Mr. Nordenfeldt, and Mr. E. J. Kennedy. The general company also included Count Piper (the Swedish Ambassador), Earl Compton, Lord and Lady Denman, Lord Brassey, Mr. Burdett-Coutts, M.P., Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mr. Reuben Sassoon, and others. Subscriptions were invited towards a sum of £2600 still required for the completion of the scheme.

DRAWINGS IN BLACK AND WHITE.

The Exhibition of Works in Black and White, now on view at the Memorial Hall (Farringdon-street), although scarcely up to the level of some previous years, bears witness to the pains which Messrs. Cassell bestow upon their numerous illustrated publications. To the amateur it possesses many attractions, as enabling him to acquire at a reasonable cost the originals of drawings which have been popularised in various ways. The series of Irish sketches by Mr. H. Helmich, of which some have been reproduced in the *Magazine of Art*, are amongst the most interesting, showing a fair amount of fancy, pleasantly relieving many grim facts. Mr. MacWhirter's views of Arran and the neighbouring coasts show, perhaps, the most artistic power, and in many cases great delicacy of touch. Miss Dorothy Tennant is quite at home, and altogether unequalled, in her touches of street life, and in her appreciation of children, ragged as well as well-dressed; and to our mind she shines to far greater advantage in these studies than in her more laborious imitation of Henner's work. Mr. Blair Leighton's renderings of old English history, Mr. Rainey's pictures of life in Picardy and Normandy, Mr. Hatherell's and Miss Alice Havers' glimpses of "Society," and Mr. John Fulleylove's architectural studies—a field in which he has Mr. Rainey also for a rival—are amongst those who shine most conspicuously in this exhibition, where, at prices ranging from a guinea upwards, a collector may find abundant opportunities of furnishing his walls with works which will afford constant pleasure and satisfaction.

Our Portrait of M. Ferdinand De Lesseps, on the front page of the Supplement containing Illustrations of the Panama Ship Canal, is from a photograph by M. Nadar, of Paris; that of Miss Macintyre is from one by Mr. Devereux, Hove, Brighton. The Views of the new public park at Crewe were taken by Mr. Nettleingham, photographer.

Mr. Chamberlain introduced to Mr. Stanhope on June 11 an influential deputation from Birmingham, who asked that the Government should not only continue the manufacture of guns at the Sparkbrook Small-Arms Factory in that town, but should, on grounds of economy and efficiency, increase it. The Secretary for War said the Government would soon send out to the trade a great number of private orders, and Birmingham would have its share to the extent of 1200 rifles a week.

On the conclusion of the Coroner's inquest concerning the deaths of the six females who lost their lives in consequence of the late fire in Edgware-road, the jury returned a verdict in which, after attributing the catastrophe to misadventure, they proceeded to express the opinion that the servant who threw aside a lighted match after lighting the gas was guilty of great carelessness; severely censured the two firemen who refused to give aid with the fire-escape because their time of duty had expired; and declared that the premises were not adequately provided with the means of rescue. Mdlle. Chuard, David Buchanan, and others, were praised for the bravery they displayed. The two firemen were called in and severely rebuked by the Coroner.

BRANCH BANK OF ENGLAND, FLEET-ST.

A beautiful architectural ornament, at Temple Bar, is nearly completed. The new Branch Bank of England occupies the site of the Old Cock Tavern and adjacent buildings in Fleet-street and Bell-yard, close to the New Law Courts. It is intended to accommodate the bank business which has till now been carried on in rooms that were given up for the purpose in the buildings of the New Courts of Justice, but which have been found inconvenient and insufficient. The new building comprises, on the ground floor and in the basement, the usual arrangements of a bank of this size and character, all carried out in the most complete and perfect manner. On the first and upper floors is provided a commodious residence for the agent and rooms for the sub-agent. The design of the façade is, in accordance with all precedent of buildings connected with the Bank of England, strictly Classical. The introduction of the unusual feature of angle towers arose from the peculiarities of the site. It was thought desirable to recess the central portion from the street, and it then became necessary to mask the blank side of the corner shop in Chancery-lane, which would have been left bare. The rusticated base on which the superstructure stands is of Aberdeen granite. The large, polished columns are of Shap granite, and the smaller columns and the panels of the pilasters are partly of Cornish, partly of Aberdeen granite. The stone is Portland. Lindsay's fire-proof construction has been used throughout for the floors and roof. The elaborate wrought-iron gates of the porch were made from the architect's designs by Messrs. Starkie Gardner, of the Albert Embankment. The contractors for the building are Messrs. Dove Brothers, of Islington. Mr. Fisk has acted as clerk of the works, and Mr. Gregory as foreman. The architect is Mr. Arthur W. Blomfield, A.R.A., architect of the Bank of England.

THE HAMPSTEAD BATHS.

The Hampstead Public Baths, at Fitzjohn's-parade, Finchley New-road, were opened on Tuesday, June 5, by Mr. F. E. Baines, C.B., chairman of the Hampstead Commissioners of Baths and Wash-houses, in the presence of Hampstead vestrymen and members of the neighbouring Willesden Local Board. The building forms a picturesque addition to the row of handsome shops on Fitzjohn's-parade, and is easily accessible from Hampstead, Kilburn, St. John's Wood, and more distant localities, being situated between the Swiss Cottage and Finchley-road stations of the Metropolitan Railway, and near also to the Finchley-road stations of the Midland and London and North-Western Railway Companies. The fronts of the building are faced with red brick, with Mansfield stone dressings. The internal arrangements are of the most approved and complete character. The accommodation comprises two large swimming-baths for men, each 100 ft. long by 35 ft. wide; and a swimming-bath for ladies, 56 ft. long by 25 ft. wide, with private baths for both sexes. The men's first-class swimming-bath has a spacious gallery round three sides, and can be used, in the winter, as a hall for concerts or meetings, arrangements having been made for flooring-in the bath for that purpose. The architects are Messrs. Spalding and Auld; and the builders, Messrs. John Allen and Sons. The engineering works have been carried out by Mr. James Keith, of Holborn-viaduct. A special feature in the arrangements is that there is a constant flow of water through the swimming-baths, heated to an even temperature throughout. The white and blue glazed bricks used were supplied by Messrs. Gibbs and Canning, of Tamworth.

June 11 being the Feast of St. Barnabas, the annual distribution of prizes and "speeches" in connection with the Merchant Taylors' School took place, according to custom, on the site of the old Charterhouse.

The Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, Roman Catholic Bishop of Limerick, addressing the clergy of his diocese, reminded them of the importance of yielding to and upholding the authority of the Pope, especially in regard to the recent Rescript, by which boycotting and the Plan of Campaign had been condemned.

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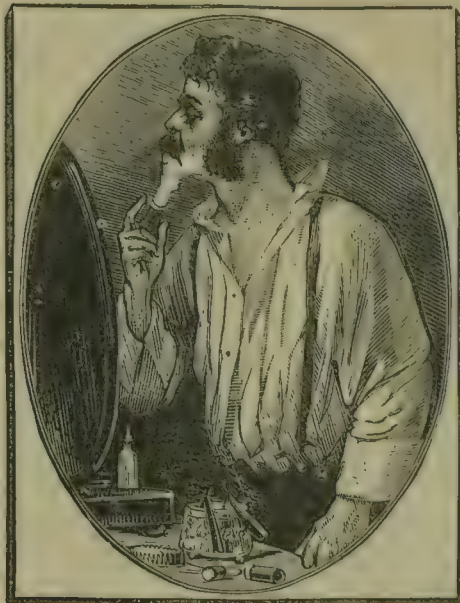
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town. First medical recommendations. Pension, from six
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rooms; no charge for lighting or service.
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spots in Switzerland. This Hotel is just rebuilt in stone,
and has all modern improvements and comfort; electric
light in every room. Residence of English Chaplains. Lawn
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Express train from Paris. Comfort and good cuisine.
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PONTRESINA, Engadine, Switzerland.

Hôtel Steinhof. In the upper part of Pontresina.
Healthy situation. Modern comforts. Bath-room. Good
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RIGI KALTBAD, near Lucerne.

The sole Rigi Establishment, sheltered from the north
winds. Railway station to the Rigi-Vitznau, the most interest-
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RIGI.—Hôtel Rigi First. Near the line of

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VEVEY.—Hôtel Mooser. Mooser, Proprietor.

First-class Family Hotel, situated above the town, in a
large park. Magnificent panorama of lake and the Alps.
Charges strictly moderate.

VILLENEUVE.—Hôtel Byron. This

is the nearest hotel to the Castle of Chillon. Ex-
ceptional position on Lake Geneva. Pension, from 6



Miss Peggy was up at the bow . . . Jack Duncombe was standing beside her, with an Ordnance map spread out on the roof of the house.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A HOUSE-BOAT. BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XXV.

"For who would leave, unbribed, Hibernia's land,
Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?
There none are swept by sudden fate away,
But all, whom hunger spares, with age decay:
Here malice, rapine, accident conspire,
And now a rabble rages, now a fire;
Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey;
Here falling houses thunder on your head,
And here a female atheist talks you dead."

This day began with glooms and disappointments; then blossomed forth into a summerlike luxuriance of all beautiful things; and finally ended in joy and calm content. Perhaps it was our general impatience of towns, and our anxiety to be away in the wildernesses again, that led us to form so poor an opinion of the appearance of Bath; but anyhow the morning was wet and louring, the windows seemed dingy; and the spectacle of a crowd of people hurrying along muddy pavements, most of them with umbrellas up, to their respective

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shops and offices was modern and commonplace and depressing. This was not what we had expected of the famous Queen of the West. All her former glories seemed to have vanished away behind that mournful pall of rain.

And then, again, the assignation that had been planned the evening before did not take place. Everybody seemed to come into the little sitting-room about the same moment; and Miss Peggy had no opportunity of saying a word. During breakfast she was quite silent; and thereafter, when there was a general hunt for waterproofs and umbrellas, she set about getting ready in a mechanical way, though it was chiefly for her sake we were about to explore the town. At the door of the hotel she merely said, in an undertone—

"Some other time I will speak to you"—and then we went out.

Now of all the interesting things in Bath, surely the most interesting is the Abbey Church, with its storied walls. These innumerable marble tablets, all ranged and crowded together, are neither ancient nor modern; many of the names are familiar; many of the families well known in the present day; and yet they speak of a time and a phase of society become strangely distant. These good people, drawn from their quiet country seats to this brilliant centre of the world, would seem

to have been rather proud of burial in Bath Abbey Church and of a tablet on its walls. It was "striking for honest fame" in those days; it was securing a kind of immortality; for would not rank and fashion reign in Bath for ever? And so you can see how the biographies of these simple human beings—the details of their lineage and family connections, of their possessions, and of their doings (if any)—have been placed here on record to claim the attention of the gay, gossiping crowd. The gay, gossiping crowd! Besides ourselves—a small party of damp and melancholy strangers—there did not appear to be a soul in the place. The wits and beaux and belles and card-playing dowagers have all vanished; the famous Pump Room is almost deserted; Bath itself has fallen upon evil days; and the figures who hurry along its pavements—in the pitiless rain—are no longer in resplendent attire, but in dingy garments of modern broadcloth, which get splashed with mud as the omnibuses clatter by. The immortality of these good folk buried in the Abbey (who might just as well have composed themselves to rest under the grass and daisies of their own village churchyard) did not last very long. But an occasional tourist looks in, no doubt—or perhaps a young warehouseman seeking shelter from a passing shower; and either may, if he chooses, stand before these ingenuous

memorials and try to imagine for himself what kind of people swarmed to Bath when Bath was fashion's queen.

Hunting for curiosities among these mural tablets proved to be an engrossing occupation with our party; so that Miss Peggy was enabled to lag a little behind without being observed, while a slight finger-touch on the arm secured her the listener she wanted. The young lady seemed at once shy and anxious: there was more colour in her face than usual, and when she spoke it was in a hurried and low undertone.

"I want your advice," said she, "perhaps you may think I should speak to your wife—but—but I would rather have a man's advice. Your wife has very exalted



The morning was wet and pouring.

ideas—she might be a little too uncompromising; and I would rather you would tell me what ordinary people would say and think. Besides, I spoke to you about it before. Do you remember? It was one morning on the Thames—by Magna Charta island."

"I remember perfectly."

"Well," she said, after a moment's hesitation, "that affair remains just where it was. I—I was really talking of myself."

"I guessed as much."

"You did?" she said with a quick glance.

"Yes; but of course I was not at liberty to say anything."

There was another moment of hesitation; then she began to speak, rather slowly, and with downcast eyes.

"Tell me what you think I should be justified in doing. . . .

Mind, it was only a half-and-half kind of engagement—you must have guessed that, too—an understanding, indeed. . . . both families were anxious for it. . . . and—and I liked him a little—oh, yes, he is very amusing, and makes the time pass—and I dare say he liked me well enough when everything was going prosperously. Then you know how my father's affairs went wrong," she continued, with an occasional glance towards those other people to make sure they were not observing her; "and there was a change after that; and you remember I asked you whether most people wouldn't consider that a young man was quite right, and doing a sensible thing, in hesitating. Sensible?—yes, he is very sensible, and prides himself on it. Oh, I know what his ambitions are. He wants to get among the millionaires; he wants to run the biggest yacht afloat, and to have paragraphs about himself in the papers. That is why he has never come to Europe; he never will come to Europe until he has money enough to get himself talked about. And then, when my father's affairs went wrong, I suppose it was but natural he should begin to think twice; and, although he has never said he wanted the engagement broken off—no, for he is afraid of quarrelling with his own people—he has left me pretty free to imagine that I can go if I choose. Oh, I am not vexed," she continued (but now her head was drawn up a little); "I am not vexed. Of course, a girl does not like to be thrown over."

"You thrown over!"

"It is not quite so bad as that; for he writes to me from time to time—in a kind of a way—and I am left to understand that he considers the engagement binding if I wish it. If I wish it! I am to be the one to hold it!—to demand execution! Well; a girl doesn't quite like that," she added, with just the least passing tremor in her voice; but doubtless it was pride rather than any sense of injury that was driving her to speak.

"So I want you to tell me what I should be justified in doing," she resumed presently. "I know what your wife would say. Yes; I know. She would say that when a girl

has once promised—or even been entangled into an understanding—she is bound in honour to keep to it. Yes—but—but a girl may make herself too cheap, mayn't she?—and one ought to have some kind of self-respect."

"Oh, Miss Rosslyn, come along here for a minute!" a third person broke in: it was Jack Duncombe. "I have discovered the tablet put up to commemorate the illustrious virtues of Beau Nash. It's beautiful. Come along, and I will translate it for you."

So Miss Rosslyn was haled away, somewhat to the relief of the person whom she had been consulting. For it was not quite so easy as it looked to say offhand what Miss Peggy should do in these circumstances. Of course, the natural man was moved to answer at once, "Oh, tell that young cub in New York to go to the mischief, and ten miles further!" But there were considerations. The wishes of two families were not lightly to be thrown aside. The cub might not be so much of a cub, after all; on the contrary, he might be a perfectly honest, sober, industrious member of society, with feelings just like another, but perhaps with no great faculty of expressing them in correspondence. But the chief reason for doubt was this: When a young woman asks for advice, she knows quite well what advice she hopes for; and, as a rule, she is inordinately skilful in angling for it. Little difficulty has she in getting up a presentable tale. And how could one accept Miss Peggy's facts as being all the facts? For one thing, it seemed hardly believable or possible that our peerless Peggy should be in any risk of being "thrown over." We, who had known her for some time, and seen her in various circles in London, had got into a way of asking ourselves: "Well, now, to whom is Peggy going to fling the handkerchief, after all?" And to think that in New York, or Brooklyn, or some such place across the water, there was a young man who, instead of thanking Heaven a hundred times a day for his great good fortune, was rather inclined to hang off, and hesitate, and postpone, with visions of dollars, and yachts, and newspaper paragraphs more nearly occupying his mind—this was hardly conceivable. When lovers quarrel, they are capable of saying anything of each other. Perhaps Miss Peggy was temporarily indignant because of the coldness of those letters, or the infrequency of them? One seemed to want to know more; or to take refuge in silence. For here was apparently a settlement of her life—approved by both the families immediately concerned—which was not to be regardlessly shattered, without very definite cause shown.

As it happened, no further opportunity was afforded Miss Peggy of reopening this delicate subject during our brief exploration of the antiquities and curiosities of Bath; and in due course of time we had finished our peregrination, and were driving, in a couple of cabs, to that point of the Kennet and Avon Canal where, as we understood, the Nameless Barge was now awaiting us. And very different, indeed, was the manner of our leaving from the manner of our arrival. Just as we reached the banks of the canal, the heavy rain ceased, and a burst of warm sunlight filled all the air; while we had hardly set forth before we found ourselves in an enchanted garden of overhanging foliage. Here was no squalor of slums; but a wilderness of rain-washed leaves flashing million upon million of white diamonds; the yellow tassels of the laburnum, the rose-red clusters of the hawthorn, the milky minarets of the chestnut all aglow in the light. And then, by-and-by, when we had stolen through these closed and

guarded paradises, behold! a great valley lay far beneath us; and, beyond, a range of wooded heights with the suburbs of Bath stretching out, terrace on terrace, into the open country. This Kennet and Avon Canal, winding snake-like along the side of the hill, gave us wider and wider views as we glided onwards: the last traces of the city began to disappear; far below us the Avon gleamed a thread of silver between its alders and its willows; the heights beyond rose into a series of receding woods along the high horizon line. And then the blessed warmth of the sunlight! Our waterproofs were flung along the roof of the house, to bask and dry there. A sense of freedom and lightness and movement prevailed. We felt as if we had come out of some cribbed and cabined place—a dark and depressing and liquid place—into a wider world of comfort and sweetness and pleasant sights and sounds. The gracious air about us was laden with subtle scents. The birds were singing. We were glad to have done with the last of the towns.

And ever the beautiful valley increased in loveliness and loneliness as we followed the slow windings of our galleried water-way, high up on this hill-side. We had all this world of sunlight and green leaves and sweet-blowing winds entirely to ourselves. We met with no one. Miss Peggy was up at the bow, her throat bare to the warm breeze, her hair, unshielded by any bonnet, showing threads of burnished gold in the sunlight. Jack Duncombe was standing beside her, with an Ordnance map spread out on the roof of the house. Perhaps she was listening to him; but now and again she looked along to the steersman, in a puzzled and curious way. She seemed to say: "Well, have you considered yet? What would the general voice say I was justified in doing? And when will there be a chance for you to let me know?" Colonel Cameron was talking to Queen Tita about what he should do if he settled down in the West Highlands; amongst other things, he seemed to have some notion of getting one or two young seals and training them to hunt salmon for him. The Horse-Marine was sitting sideways on his horse, and contentedly smoking. Captain Columbus had thrown aside his coat, because of the hot sun, and was marching along a great way ahead. Murdoch was within, no doubt putting our toy-house to rights.

Then we came to the Dundas Aqueduct, which spans the wide vale; and here the spacious view was more extensive than ever—the landscape disappearing into tender distances of rose-grey and lightest green until, at the far horizon line, and melting into the silvery sky, there were touches of pale, translucent blue. But this aqueduct curdled us across the valley—to the slopes of Knowl Hill, in fact; and very soon we had left the wide, open country behind us, and were plunged into umbrageous woods. It was much hotter here; there was hardly a breath of air to stir the shelving branches that felt their way out into the sunlight; and it was but rarely that the intervening foliage afforded any shelter. Nevertheless, these good people would insist on going for a stroll along the tow-path—all except Miss Peggy, who, at the last moment abruptly changed her mind, and decided to remain with the steersman, to cheer him with her company.

"This might be a river in a Brazilian forest," said she, "for the beauty of it, and the solitude."

It was not of any river in Brazil she was thinking; she was but waiting until those people on the bank were out of ear-shot.

Then she said presently,

"Have you thought that over?"

"Yes."

Her next question was not put into words; it was a nervous flash of inquiry that appeared in her eyes. Then she looked down again, as if awaiting judgment. She had a bit of red hawthorn in her hand; and her fingers were pulling into small shreds one or two of the dark-green leaves.

"Well, you see, Miss Peggy, if your description of the situation is literally correct—literally and absolutely correct—then you would be amply justified in telling that young gentleman in New York to go and be hanged. That is what any man would say—offhand, and at once. But there may be little qualifying things. It isn't any temporary estrangement, is it, that may be made up? Your pride may have been wounded; are you sure you don't exaggerate his indifference? You have heard of lovers' quarrels?"

Miss Peggy tossed her head slightly—the movement was scarcely perceptible.

"—and people who intervene in these with any kind of advice generally get a bang on the head for their pains—subsequently, that is, when the lovers have made it up."

"Lovers!" said she.

"Besides, where is the harm of allowing this engagement, or understanding, or whatever it is; to drift on as it is doing? There may be some explanation. Letters may have been delayed. You may get them when you go back to London."

"And if there were a hundred letters, do you think I don't know what would be in them?" she demanded, rather proudly. "And as for drifting and drifting, I have grown a little tired of that. It is no great compliment to a girl to put her in such a position. I dare say, now, if I were over in America—if I were to go over to America for even a fortnight, I could get the whole matter settled."

"You really and honestly mean that you want to have it broken off?"

"Broken off!" she exclaimed, with just a touch of indignation in her voice. "It is he who wants to have it broken off—and hasn't the courage to say so. He won't own it to me; he won't own it to his family; but do you think I don't understand? I am not blind. And however stupid a woman may be at other times, in an affair of this kind she can see clearly enough."

"That is true. But on the other hand, if you think that this half-and-half engagement should come to an end, why not let it gradually die a natural death? It seems pretty moribund at present, doesn't it? Cease writing to him!"

"He hasn't written to me for nearly two months!"

"Very well. Stop altogether. If that doesn't force him to ask for an explanation—if he asks for no explanation—then the matter is at an end. You go your way; and he his."

"I—I suppose that is good advice; and I thank you," she said, in rather a low voice.

But what followed was most amazing. She stood silent for a second or so; then she turned away a little; and one could see that she had taken out her handkerchief quickly, and was furtively wiping away the tears from her eyes. This was a strange and bewildering spectacle. It was all so unlike our gay and audacious Peggy. And one naturally and instantly jumped to the conclusion that there was a good deal more to reveal.

"I say, Miss Peggy, I am afraid you haven't told me that story straight. You care for him all the same; is that it?"

"No—no—no!" she said, still with averted face.

"Then there is someone else?"

She turned with a quick look—half-frightened, as it were; then her eyes were downcast. She said nothing; but there was a tell-tale flush in her cheek as rosy-red as was the bit of hawthorn she held in her hand.

"Oh, there is someone else then? But why didn't you say so before? For that makes a very great difference—that makes all the difference in the world! There's someone else? Then you've

found yourself fettered; and vexed by the uncertainty; and perhaps to tell you that you should merely let that nebulous engagement disappear of itself wasn't very comforting?"—

Miss Peggy had dried her eyes.
"I am away from my own people," she said in the same low voice, "and perhaps I have been a little anxious and fretting—and even miserable at times; but I am sorry I gave you any trouble about it. I suppose what you say is right."

"But wait a moment. I tell you that this makes all the difference. Of course, I assume that you are quite certain of what you say about that young man in New York—that you know he wouldn't be sorry to have the engagement broken off, but would rather you would say the word?"

"Who is likely to know if not myself?" she answered. "I have told you the truth."

"He would rather you would say the word? Then say the word! You ask for my advice—there it is. Tell him he may go to Jericho—or Jaffa, or Jerusalem, whichever he likes; and at the earliest convenient opportunity. Make yourself free at once. Justified?—of course you will be justified. No man has a right to keep a woman in any such position; no woman ought to marry a sneak. No; I told you you might let that unwelcome understanding die of neglect and inanition, because I thought there was no reason for anything else; now I tell you you should shake off those fetters at once, as soon as a letter can cross the Atlantic."

"Ah," said she, rather wistfully, "if only your wife would say as much!"

"She will say precisely the same."
Miss Peggy shook her head.

"No; it's too much to hope for. Men are more considerate to women—more forgiving—they make allowances. I should be afraid to speak to her about it."

"You needn't be afraid. Haven't you discovered yet that she likes you a little? She can suffer you, as the Tyrolese lover says to his sweetheart. And if you go the right way to work, I know what she will do for you—she will write over to your people in New York, and give them a most fascinating description of the favoured person—that is, if she knows him."

"Oh, but she does!" Miss Peggy cried; and then instantly she drew back, in wild alarm: "Oh, I—I mean—she has always been so kind to me—do you think she would do that?"

"She will do it, if you go the right way about it. She very much likes you to stroke her hair smooth. You might get a little nosegay of wild-flowers and pin them at her neck. Then, if you are by yourselves, you can sit down beside her, and put your arm within hers, and tell her the whole story."

"Oh, do you think she would do that for me?" cried Peggy again—and there was a far happier light shining in her face than had been there a few minutes before.

"Of course she will! Why, you poor, weak, timid, fluttering, solitary thing—wandering all about the world alone and friendless!"

"No; not friendless," said she—with a very pleasant, modest look in her eyes. "Not friendless. I think I have fallen among very good friends—better than I deserve. But I am not ungrateful, anyway."

Then a thought seemed to strike her.

"You must be tired standing there all this time, with your foot on the tiller," said this good-natured lass, rather timidly. "Won't you let me take it?"

"Oh, no, thank you."

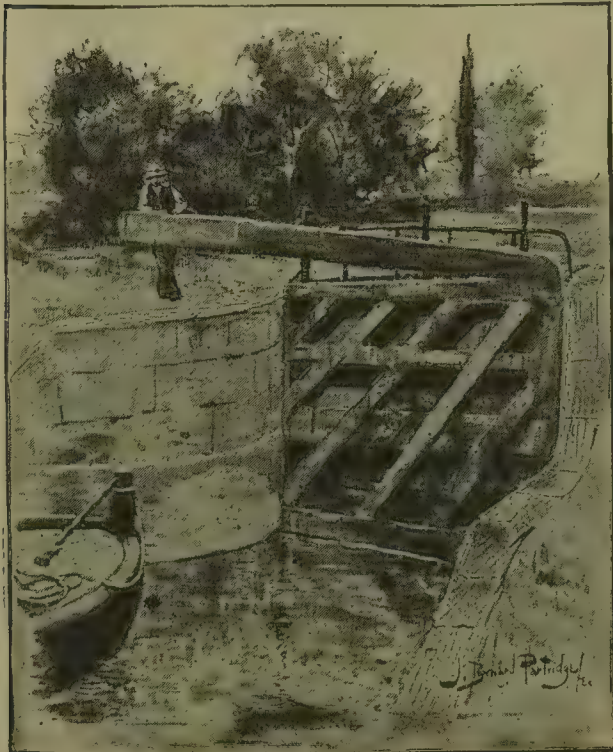
"And I haven't said a single word of—of gratitude—to you."

"You needn't."

"And then," said she, rather incoherently—and the clouds were all away from her forehead now, and her eyes were bright and clear with glad anticipation—"in the summer—later on in the summer—I can see such a happy party of us all together—you know I've never been!"

She suddenly stopped. The smooth-gliding boat had carried us along until we had unexpectedly overtaken the pedestrians, who were standing on the bank: they were coming on board now, for it was near lunch-time. And for all the trouble we were at in stopping and taking them on with us, they rewarded us—at least Queen Tita did—with a number of feeble japes about the study of English history, all of which harmlessly glided off the triple brass of conscious innocence. Was it English history, then, that had brought this light into Peggy's face? She seemed very pleased about something; and modestly grateful; and unusually affectionate even towards this taunting fiend. She held her fingers in hers; and talked to her in a low voice—about nothing in particular; and her eyes were fixed on the smaller woman, so that, very soon—before their mild, clear rays, and the shining honesty of them, and perhaps, also, a little touch of girlish appeal—all that sham sarcasm slunk away abashed. These two went into the saloon hand in hand.

We were now come near to Bradford, which is a clean little grey town cheerfully situated on the side of a hill, amid a profusion of foliage; and here we stopped to bait the horse; while Murdoch attended to our modest wants within. And whether it was the grateful coolness of the saloon—the



In the meantime we had to encounter these pernicious locks.

summer air entering by the open windows and stirring the flowers on the table—or whether we were glad to be away from cities, and altogether by ourselves again in these still solitudes—or whether there was something peculiarly attractive and winning about Miss Peggy's demeanour towards us all—certain it is that at this little banquet there prevailed much content. She was so very friendly, in a gentle sort of fashion, with everyone; but in especial we could perceive that she wished to be very kind and considerate towards Mr. Duncombe. There were no longer hypocritical appeals to him for aphorisms. His sensations on becoming a reviewer were no longer a subject for mocking inquiry. Nay, on the contrary, she was quite serious, and respectful, and almost anxious, as she hoped that he was now seeing his way clear to the beginning of his work.

"Oh, I'm in no hurry," said he, lightly. "I've had a general look through the books; and what I'm going to say about them must grow up of itself, bit by bit. I don't think I have done anything this morning—except compose an epitaph."

"An epitaph, Mr. Duncombe!" Queen Tita cried.

"Yes; I'll read it to you," said he. He took out his note-book. "It's for a tombstone in a village church-yard:

*'Twas a nasty cold I caught;
And little of that cold I thought;
To lie a-bed I soon was brought;
And here I am reduced to naught.'*

"You see," he continued, with much equanimity, "epitaphs should teach something. They should point a moral. They are the only kind of poetry that comes constantly under the rustic eye. And what better can you do with a dead and buried Hodge than make him a solemn warning to the whole country-side? I can imagine a heap of good being done in that way. Take drink, now: a tombstone would appeal to the conscience of the community more effectively than any sermon. Couldn't we manage something? Let me see."

He took out a pencil, and began scribbling a few words.

"How's this?"

*'Twas a cold that robbed me of my ease;
'Twas a cold that twisted up my knees;
'Twas a cold that swelled the doctor's fees;
And choked my breath; and here I be's.*

I don't know that that is quite as good as the other; but it's the moral—it's the public warning—that is the valuable thing."

"Mr. Duncombe," said Queen Tita, "I don't know how you can be thinking about epitaphs on a day like this. I suppose it was Bath Abbey Church put them in your head. But just look out of that window—everything seems just full of light and colour—look!"

And indeed that open window framed a very pretty picture—of summer foliage all shimmering in the sunshine, and of water struck into a silver ripple here and there by the velvet-fingered wind. He put away his note-book without more ado; and agreed with her that it was not a day for the construction of epitaphs. He was a very biddable youth; and he had no kind of literary vanity to be wounded. He helped himself again—and freely—to the salad that Colonel Cameron had mixed for us; and declared that it somehow reminded him of sweetbrier, and wild roses, and June. Or was it that a distinct feeling of June was perceptible in the sweet air blowing in at the window? We were getting near to June now.

We were now about to enter Crabbe's country—or rather, the country in which he spent the latter years of his life; for as we drew away from Bradford, we passed within a mile or so of Trowbridge; thereafter striking north by Hilperton and Staverton. And a more delightful afternoon never shone over this smiling landscape. We were no longer enveloped in woods; we were more in the open; and there was a light breeze blowing, just enough to temper the heat. But then, again, the wind rarely struck down upon the sheltered waters of the river-like canal; so that the glassy surface mirrored the golden-green masses of the elms that overhung the banks, and showed, besides, here and there, a glimmer of silver and blue. As the evening drew on, the breeze ceased altogether; the cloudless sky was still and serene; a warmer light streamed along those peaceful meadows, where the cattle were grazing. But for the noisy cawing of some rooks, and the occasional flute-note of a cuckoo in some distant grove, the silence was absolute; the smaller birds seemed to know that the golden day was dying, and had ceased to twitter in the hedges.

Meanwhile, those people who had been making their way along the bank had been occupying themselves in various fashions, and in various combinations, too, as chance or fancy dictated. And when they came on board again—as we were drawing near to Seend—it soon became quite apparent that Queen Tita had had some piece of news imparted to her during that long ramble ashore. Not that any word was spoken. Oh, dear, no. A young lady's secret is a sacred thing. But though she tried to look as grave as an owl, it was plain that she was just a little bit excited; and pleased, also; and inclined to look on Peggy with eyes at once puzzled and affectionate and approving. But what had become of Jack Duncombe?

"Oh," said Mrs. Threepenny-bit (who apparently had been bewildered into forgetfulness), "I was to tell you. There are several locks ahead; and when we get through these, it will be time to stop for the night, he says. And he has gone away to find out some railway-station, to see if he can telegraph to Devizes. He has some friends living near Devizes, he says; and we shall be passing through there to-morrow."

And then blank horror fell upon the steersman of this boat. What might not that awful Court do to us? The tipstaff is a terrible person; Holloway Gaol a fearful destination. But in the meantime we had to encounter these pernicious locks; and the hard work drove speculation out of the brain.

So we laboriously fought our way to the end of them; and then went along some distance; until, having discovered a quiet and sheltered nook, where there were wide overhanging willows, we ran the boat in there—the Nameless Barge forming a very comfortable little nest in among the leaves. By this time Jack Duncombe had come back; and with news that was welcome to one person on board. If he had really meant to defy the Vice-Chancellor's authority by communicating with the Wiltshire young lady, his felonious purpose had been baffled. He had discovered some little country station—Seend station he said it was—but they could not help him. Either there was no telegraph; or it was too late; or they could not receive private messages.

That was a gracious night, in this unnamed and unknown solitude. We were entirely alone; for we had allowed Murdoch to go off to supper with Columbus and the Horse-Marine in the village; and it was left to the women-folk to clear the dinner-table for themselves. Then (for they were not antagonistic to tobacco) they came out and made themselves snug in the stern-sheets of the boat; and Miss Peggy had her banjo; and the silence around seemed to wait. There should have been moonlight; but the times and seasons were against us. Nay, we could see but few of the stars in the clear heavens overhead; for the willow-branches were thick; moreover, the red glow streaming out from the windows on the

stems and leaves rather attracted the eyes. And you may be sure it was not "Tennessee" that Peggy sang for us on this still summer night.

No; she began—

*"Once in the dear, dead days beyond recall,
When on the world the mist began to fall,
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng,
Low to our hearts Love sang an old sweet song!"*

and we could see, by the dim glow coming from the door of the saloon that Mrs. Threepenny-bit had drawn as close to the girl as the banjo would permit, and that she had placed a hand lightly and kindly on her shoulder. And what do you think was Miss Peggy's next selection? Well, she was aware that a certain song of hers was a particular favourite with one of the persons now listening to her; and she was a grateful lass; and she may have been thinking that she had wished to say some word of thanks for the rough-and-ready advice addressed to her that morning. Here were her thanks, then—or, at least, some timid effort to please? For we had grown to have some notion of the inner workings of the mind of this Person without a Character.

The ballad of "Kitty Wells" is not of an intellectual cast, any more than are most of the plantation songs; but the air is pretty and attractive; and this American young lady, to the soft ripple of her banjo, could sing it very sweetly indeed. It seemed to suit her voice somehow; you forgot the nigger fatuities when you heard her tremulous contralto notes; especially when, as on this still night, she sang in a simple and subdued fashion, without effort of any kind. This was what the listening silence and the darkness heard:—

You ask what makes this darkey weep. Why he like others am not

gay, What makes the tear roll down his cheek. . . From

ear - ly morn till close of day. My sto - ry, dark - ies, I'll re -

late. . . While in my mem - o - ry it dwells; 'Twill

cause you all to shed a tear, On the grave of my sweet Kit - ty Wells.

And still more gently she sung the chorus: in the hush of the willow-leaves all around us her rich, clear voice was just audible, and no more.

The birds were sing - ing in the morn - ing, And the

myrtle and the i - vy were in bloom. And the sun all the hillside was a -

dorn - in', When we laid sweet Kit - ty in the tomb.

Miss Peggy was exceedingly amiable this evening; and would sing whatever was asked of her—one thing after another; until Sir Ewen Cameron interposed (with some brief exhibition of military authority that was entirely uncalled for) and would have no more of such persecution and cruelty. Sir Ewen suggested, instead, an adjournment to the saloon, and a game of cards; but it appeared that the women-folk were bent on retiring early; and so, after they had gone inside, and partaken of a little soda-water, and the like, they were allowed to depart. Who knows what portentous secrets they might not have to discuss in the 'safe seclusion of the ladies' cabin?

* The melody as here given Miss Peggy herself was so obliging as to jot down for us; but she seems to have pitched on a rather high key. Or is this banjo notation? an ignorant person is fain to ask. We never could hear who the composer was—though some inquiries have been made, both in England and America; but if this should meet his eye—in whatsoever far land he may be—he is entreated to accept our profound apologies for the theft.

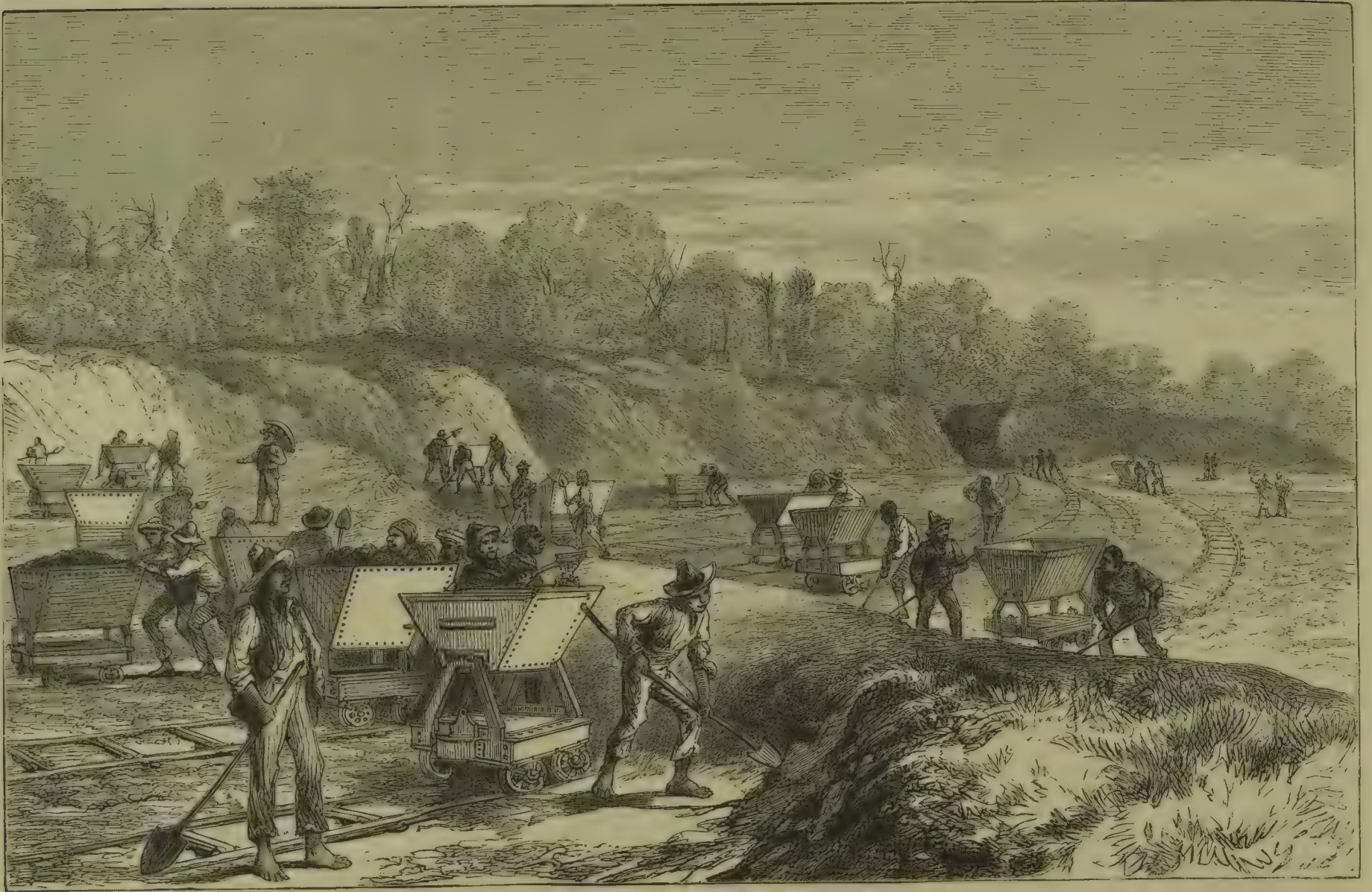
(To be continued.)

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF ART.

By permission of the Duke of Westminster, a public meeting was held on June 8 at Grosvenor House, for the promotion of a National Association for the Advancement of Art. The Duke presided, and said that his interest in the matter was confined to a thorough approval of the objects of the proposed association. Mr. Rensburg read a statement, from which it appeared that the idea of the association was started in the Liverpool Art Club, by Mr. P. H. Rathbone, and warmly taken up by the executive committee of that institution, the object being to hold an Art Congress in Liverpool for the purpose of bringing together those interested in artistic subjects, and the furtherance of anything that may promote the interests or diffuse a knowledge of art. The project was brought to the notice of the Mayor of Liverpool, who called a town meeting in March last, at which the proposal was favourably received, and resolutions were adopted, the first of which affirmed that the introduction of special education in the artistic handicrafts has become necessary for the welfare of the country. At that meeting an executive committee was appointed, which determined to found a National Association, and then to ask it to hold its first congress in Liverpool. It is suggested that the sections at the proposed congress shall include painting, sculpture, architecture, applied art history, and museums, and the national and municipal encouragement of art. It is contemplated in future that these congresses shall be held at the great seats of industry, so that manufacturers and artisans should be brought into immediate contact with artists and designers, an attempt being thus made to turn artists into craftsmen and craftsmen into artists. At the meeting on June 8 the association was inaugurated by a resolution, which was moved by Mr. William Morris, seconded by Mr. Edmund Gosse, supported by Mr. C. Newton, Mr. Walter Crane, and other gentlemen. A second resolution invited the association to hold its first congress at Liverpool in November next, and nominated an influential list of officers, including, as president, Sir F. Leighton, and the various heads of sections. This was moved by Mr. Kendrick, M.P., President of the Birmingham Art Committee, and adopted unanimously.

A statue erected at Skipton in commemoration of the political services rendered by Sir Matthew Wilson, M.P., was unveiled by the Marquis of Ripon on June 7.

ACROSS TWO OCEANS: THE PANAMA SHIP CANAL.
SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



CUTTING A CHANNEL TO DIVERT THE COURSE OF THE RIVER CHAGRES.



A "SLAVEN" DREDGE AT WORK AT BUHIO: VIEW SKETCHED FROM ON BOARD.



CUTTING THROUGH THE CULEBRA MOUNTAIN: GENERAL VIEW OF THE WORKS, LOOKING EAST, TOWARDS COLON.

A complete description of the Panama Ship Canal, with a portrait of M. Ferdinand De Lesseps, and with two illustrations from the Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, appears in the other half-sheet supplement to this week's publication. Our Special Artist writes as follows:—"The most stupendous part of the whole Canal works is cutting through the range of hills at Culebra, 360 ft. high in the lowest place. Nearly half the work necessary to allow ships to pass at this point is now done. From the beginning to the end of this particular division is just one mile. Here there are over

thirty excavating machines, sixty locomotives, two thousand railroad cars and four thousand workmen employed. Fifteen thousand tons of earth and other matter are actually excavated, loaded in cars, and transported far away in every twenty-four hours.

"As the Panama Canal runs almost in the same beds or valleys as the rivers Grande and Chagres, it has been found necessary to alter the course of these rivers; and instead of crossing and recrossing the Canal as they do now, they will very soon flow on either side of it. The diversion of these rivers is costing immense sums of money, but

it was absolutely necessary. The new channels for the rivers are being cut, and in many places are finished.

"The American Dredging Company are engaged at Buhio, and have several most powerful dredges at work, cutting their way forward through sand, mud, earth, and roots of trees. The largest dredges are the Dingler and the City of Paris. It is astounding to see the facility with which they cut through a bank: they seem to stop for nothing, lifting tons of earth per minute high up in the machine, and then mixing it with a stream of water, which is pumped up to meet it,

after which it is forced through an enormous long tunnel on to the bank, where the earth remains and the water gradually retires. Every time the dredge is advanced forward, it moves on to the extent of 16 ft.; and this occurs about every two or three hours. My Sketches, I hope, will give a better idea both of the size of these mighty machines and of the work they are used to do. They are as high as a house of seven floors, and do the work of 4000 men, and they are pushing forward at the rate of several miles a year."

We shall present further Illustrations next week.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will of Sir Robert Loder, Bart., J.P., D.L., M.P. for Shoreham, 1880-85, who died on May 27 last, has been proved pro forma, under a nominal amount, by his son Mr. Wilfrid Hans Loder, his son-in-law, General the Hon. A. Stewart, and Mr. H. C. Richards. The testator bequeaths £100,000 to his eldest son, Sir Edmund Giles Loder, to whom he also gives Whittlebury, his Northamptonshire seat, and the residue of his real and personal property, including his property at Gallavera (Sweden), Torrefos (Gulf of Bothnia), and Riga (in Russia), to be settled therewith in tail male. The High Beeches and Dencombe estates he leaves to Mr. Wilfrid Hans Loder, his second son; the Maidwell and Draughton estates, in Northamptonshire, to his son Mr. Reginald Loder; the Floore estate, in the same county, to Mr. Sydney Loder; and the Shipley estate, in the county of Sussex, to his daughter Lady Burrell. The will recites that, under the will of his father, Mr. Giles Loder, he has appointed, on their marriages, £150,000 to his son Edmund Giles; £100,000 each to Lady Burrell, Mr. Wilfrid Hans Loder, Mr. Alfred Loder, and the Hon. Mrs. A. Stewart; and, in further exercise of his power, he appoints £175,000 to Mr. W. H. Loder; £200,000 each to Mr. Alfred Loder and Mr. Reginald Loder; £300,000 each to Mr. Gerald Loder and Mr. Eustace Loder; £275,000 to Mr. Sydney Loder; £125,000 to Lady Burrell; £150,000 to the Hon. Mrs. Stewart; and the residue of the Giles Loder estate to his eldest son, Sir Edmund Giles Loder. He bequeaths £1000, an annuity of £3500, in addition to £1500 which she receives under the will of his father, his watches, jewellery, &c., the consumable stores at 42, Grosvenor-square, and certain plate, to be selected within one year, to his wife, Lady Loder; he also gives her the use of 42, Grosvenor-square so long as she thinks fit to occupy it; £100 to each of his nine god-children; £100 to Mrs. Radcliffe, of Salisbury; £1030 to Mr. Wilson; £500 to Mr. Lidderdale; one year's salary to each of the clerks employed at the office of Giles Loder; one year's wages to all indoor and outdoor servants living with the deceased for a longer period than two years; £100 to his sister-in-law; £110 to his nurse; £200 to his servant, Fanny Stevens; £300 per annum each to Dr. William Higginbotham, of St. Petersburg, and Miss Clara Blyth; £100 per annum each to Mrs. Charlotte Lawson, of Brighton, and his medical attendant; £200 per annum to his agent and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Hancock, during their joint lives; £3000 to the Vicar and churchwardens of Shipley, upon trust, for repairing, restoring, and improving the parish church; £2000 each to the Vicar and churchwardens of Maidwell and Draughton, for church restoration; £2000 to the Vicar of Whittlebury, in trust, for the increase of his stipend; £3000 to the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney; £2500 each to the Cancer Hospital, Fulham-road, and the Hospital for Diseases of the Chest (Fulham-road); £1500 each to All Saints' Convalescent Home (Eastbourne) and Sussex County Hospital (Brighton); £1000 each to Salisbury Infirmary, Northampton Infirmary, St. George's Hospital, St. Mary's Hospital, Middlesex Hospital, Charing-cross Hospital, Seaford Convalescent Hospital, the Ventnor Cottage Convalescent Hospital, the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, and Worthing Infirmary; and £500 each to the Hospital for Diseases of the Throat (Golden-square), Chichester Infirmary, the School for the Indigent Blind (Southwark), the Deaf and Dumb Asylum (Old Kent-road), the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy, the Friends of the Clergy Corporation, the Infant Orphan Asylum, the Western Dispensary, and the London Orphanage Asylum.

The will (dated Oct. 13, 1885) of Lady Cecil Jane De la Feld, widow of Count John De la Feld and a daughter of the first Earl of Limerick, late of No. 44, Ennismore-gardens, Hyde Park; of Feldenstein House, Queen's-road, Richmond, Surrey; and of Brookesby, Hesketh-road, Torquay, Devon; who died on April 24 last, was proved on June 6 by Cecil Henry Russell, the nephew, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £53,000. The testatrix, out of her settled fortune of £10,000 Irish currency, bequeaths £1000 to her nephew and godson, Cecil George Russell, and the remainder thereof to her sister, Lady Caroline Alicia Diana Russell. The property derived from her late husband, known as the De la Feld property, including her freehold house in Ennismore-gardens, she gives to her nephew, Cecil Henry Russell; a certain legacy of £10,000 she leaves, upon trust, to pay an annuity of £52 to her housekeeper, Caroline Drewett, and the rest of the income to her said sister, and at her death as to the capital sum for her nephew, the said Cecil Henry Russell. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her said sister.

The will (dated May 20, 1878) of Mr. Joseph Rowland, late of Thornbury House, Kidlington, Oxfordshire, who died on March 9 last, was proved on May 18 by John Turk Lacey, Wellington Taylor, and Herbert Young, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £24,000. The testator gives Thornbury House, with the pleasure-grounds, to his son John Edward Browne Rowland; £9000 between his children, John Edward Browne Rowland, Rosa Mary Taylor, and Helena Sarah Young; and there are some specific gifts to them, and also to his eldest son, Henry Louis Joseph Rowland. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his said children, except his eldest son.

The will (dated N. z. 13, 1882), with two codicils (dated Nov. 13, 1882, and June 18, 1886), of the Rev. William Bouverie Pusey, formerly Rector of Langley, Kent, late of No. 49, Marina, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex, who died on April 19 last, was proved on May 19 by Captain Edward Bouverie Pusey, R.N., the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £17,000. The testator gives to the good friend of his late brother, Dr. Pusey, the Rev. Dr. Liddon, Canon of St. Paul's, all money in the hands of his country banker, all the tithe rent charge, and rents of glebe he may be entitled to at the time of his decease, and his caution money at Oriel College. The residue of his property he leaves to his said son, and to his daughter, Francis Mary.

The will (dated July 13, 1883), with a codicil (dated June 21, 1884), of Miss Emma Maria Garratt, late of No. 4, Chislehurst-road, Richmond, who died on March 15 last, was proved on May 22 by the Rev. Sudlow Garratt and the Rev. Charles Foster Garratt, the brothers, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £17,000. The testatrix makes numerous bequests to nephews, nieces, and others; she also bequeaths £200 each to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts and the Society for Promoting the Employment of Additional Curates; £100 to the hospital at Richmond; and £100 to the Rev. C. T. Procter, to be applied at his discretion for the benefit of St. Matthias' Church, Richmond. The residue of her property she leaves to her brother Sudlow.

The will (dated Feb. 16, 1888) of General Richard Shubrick, late of No. 7, Cornwall Mansions, Cornwall-gardens, who died on April 26 last, was proved on May 23 by Mrs. Flora Anne Shubrick, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £16,000. The

testator gives his leasehold residence, with the furniture and effects, to his wife. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his daughters in equal shares.

The will (dated July 22, 1882) of Mrs. Sophia Cunningham, late of The Prestons, Ightham, Kent, who died on March 23 last, was proved on May 19 by Percy Burdett Cunningham, the son, and Arthur Loughborough, the acting executors. Sir Francis Burdett, Bart., the brother of the deceased, the other executor, having renounced. The value of the personal estate amounts to upwards of £10,000. The testatrix appoints £5000, upon trust, for her daughter Violet Eleonora Cunningham, and makes specific gifts to all her three daughters, and to her said son; and there are legacies to her executors and others. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives to her said son.

The State apartments of Windsor Castle are closed until further orders.

Dr. S. H. Vines, Fellow of Caius College, Cambridge, has been chosen Sherardian Professor of Botany at Oxford.

An international missionary conference, in celebration of the centenary of Protestant missions, has been held at Exeter Hall.

A tiny picture by John Van Eyck—"The Virgin"—has been sold by Messrs. Christie for 2500 guineas, this being one of the forty pictures from the Burghley House collection.

About thirty persons were injured in a collision which occurred at Newcastle on June 9 between a goods-train and a passenger-train.

The annual show of the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society was opened at Newport, Monmouth, on June 6; and, the weather being favourable, there was a large attendance. The entries were very numerous, and many of the animals exhibited are pronounced to be of high merit.

Dr. Hills, Bishop of British Columbia, acting under the advice of the Archbishop of Canterbury, has yielded to the petition from his diocese requesting him to reconsider his resignation, and will return to British Columbia at the conclusion of the Pan-Anglican Synod.

The Cambridge Mathematical Tripos list has been published. Mr. W. McFadden Orr, of St. John's, is Senior Wrangler, and Mr. W. E. Brunyate, of Trinity, is the second. No ladies figure among the Wranglers this year, but there are eight Senior Optimes and seven Junior Optimes.

The Duke of Cambridge visited Crewe on June 9, and opened the Queen's Park, the Jubilee gift of the London and North-Western Railway Company to the borough. He was entertained at luncheon by the directors, and afterwards inspected the 2nd Cheshire Royal Engineers.

A new industry has been started at Bandon, in Ireland, which is to acclimatise the magpie ducks that flourish on the coasts washed by the Gulf Stream. These ducks have a most beautiful plumage, and it is anticipated that many persons with ornamental ponds in their grounds will send for eggs.

Lord and Lady Coleridge opened on June 9 the new free library for Paddington. Subsequently Mr. Frank Moss, who has been largely instrumental in establishing the library, entertained a number of gentlemen at dinner, when Lord Coleridge proposed "Success to the Library," to which he promised a set of the works of the poet whose name he bears.

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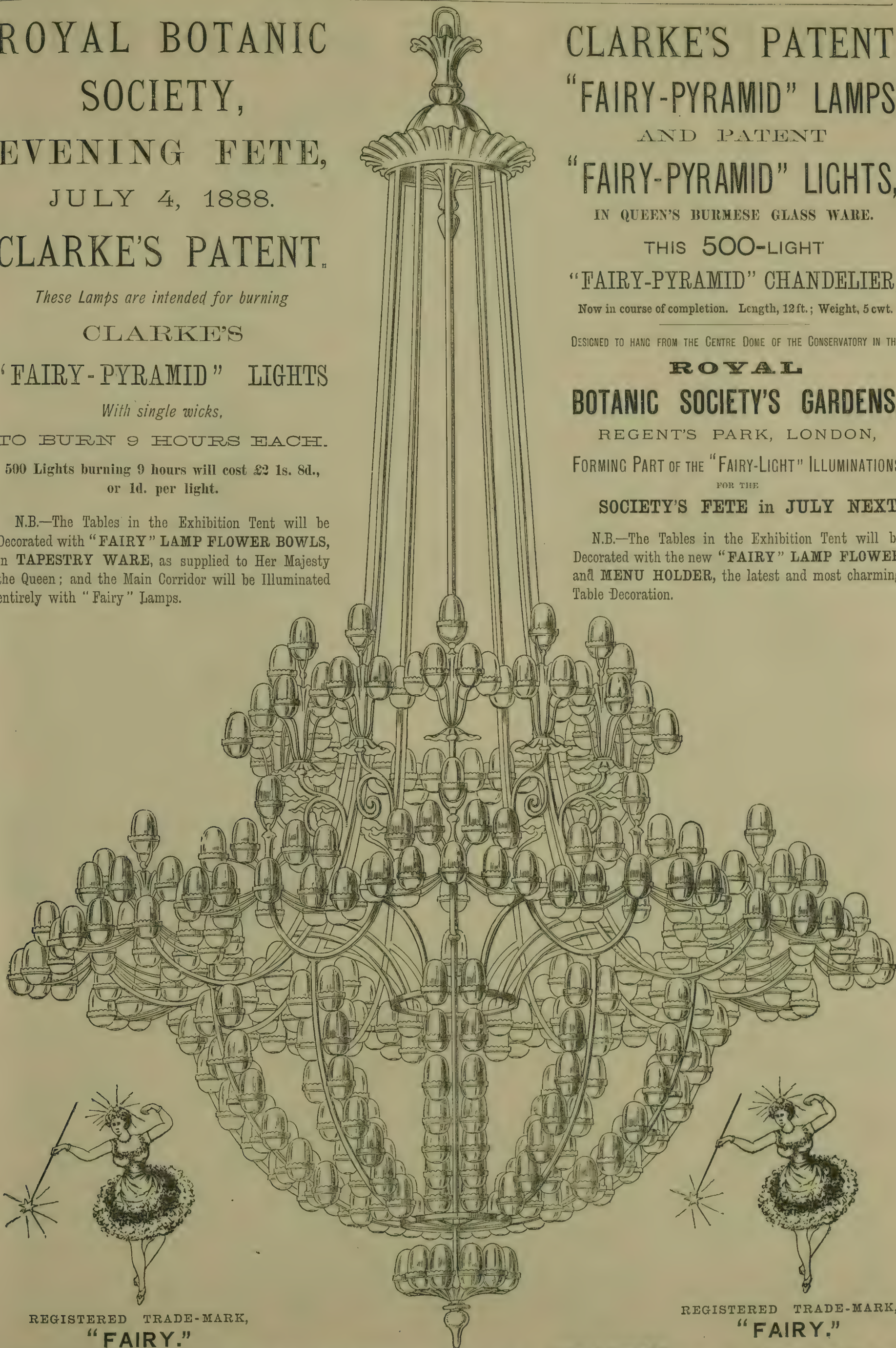
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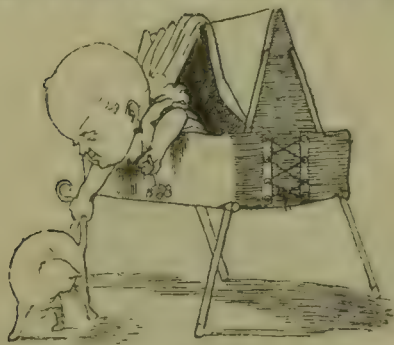
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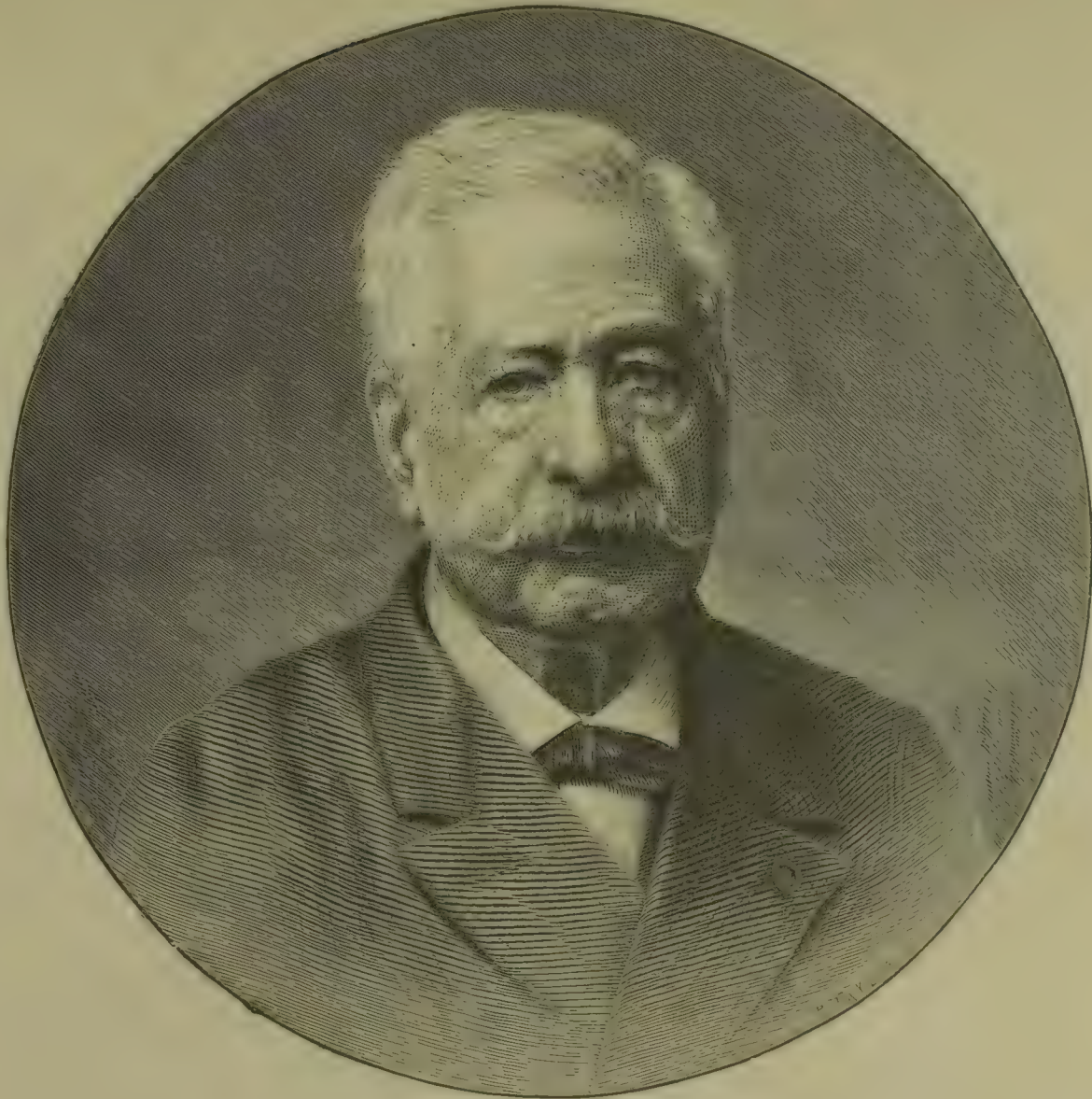
The mission of our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, "Across Two Oceans," the Atlantic and the Pacific, to supply Illustrations of all that he can see most interesting to our readers, from the West Indies, and from the shores of California and British Columbia, to those of our Australasian Colonies, has led him to the Isthmus of Panama. There, indeed, with a view to the intermediate step, hitherto forbidden to navigation, but which modern engineering science and enterprise undertake to render possible in traversing both oceans without interruption, he was directed to visit the marvellous works of the French Panama Ship Canal Company, and to make the Sketches now published, the first that have yet appeared in any journal or book, since the commencement of its actual operations. In giving, to the best of our information, a just and correct account of this huge undertaking, we shall refrain from expressing any opinion with regard to its financial prospects, which concern a very large number of French shareholders, for whose sake we shall continue to hope that it may, at some future period, become a remunerative investment. How many years' labour, how many millions sterling of expenditure, it will yet cost, we do not pretend to guess. We are firmly convinced that the world in general, England and the British Colonies in particular, will ultimately derive immense advantages from the execution of the work; and it is not unlikely that the further delay of a few years in its completion may prove rather beneficial to some part of the shipping and mercantile interests, by allowing them more time to prepare for a considerable shifting of maritime trade from other routes of ocean carriage and travel. On public grounds, it seems to us, there is no reason whatever for national jealousy of the attempt to open for European traffic this most direct way of communication with the coasts of the Pacific Ocean—as there was no reasonable ground, thirty years ago, for objecting to the canal by which

ships of all nations, seven-eighths of their tonnage British, now pass from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean. It is obvious that the advantage to our fellow-subjects in Australia and New Zealand, by superseding the tedious and perilous homeward voyage of sailing-vessels round Cape Horn with the shortest possible line to

successors, aided by the goodwill of his own countrymen, who are justly proud of such a man. It was in 1875, at the Paris International Congress, over which he presided, that the scheme of an interoceanic canal was revived, which had been conceived by the early Spanish conquerors of Central America in the sixteenth century, and on which many ingenious

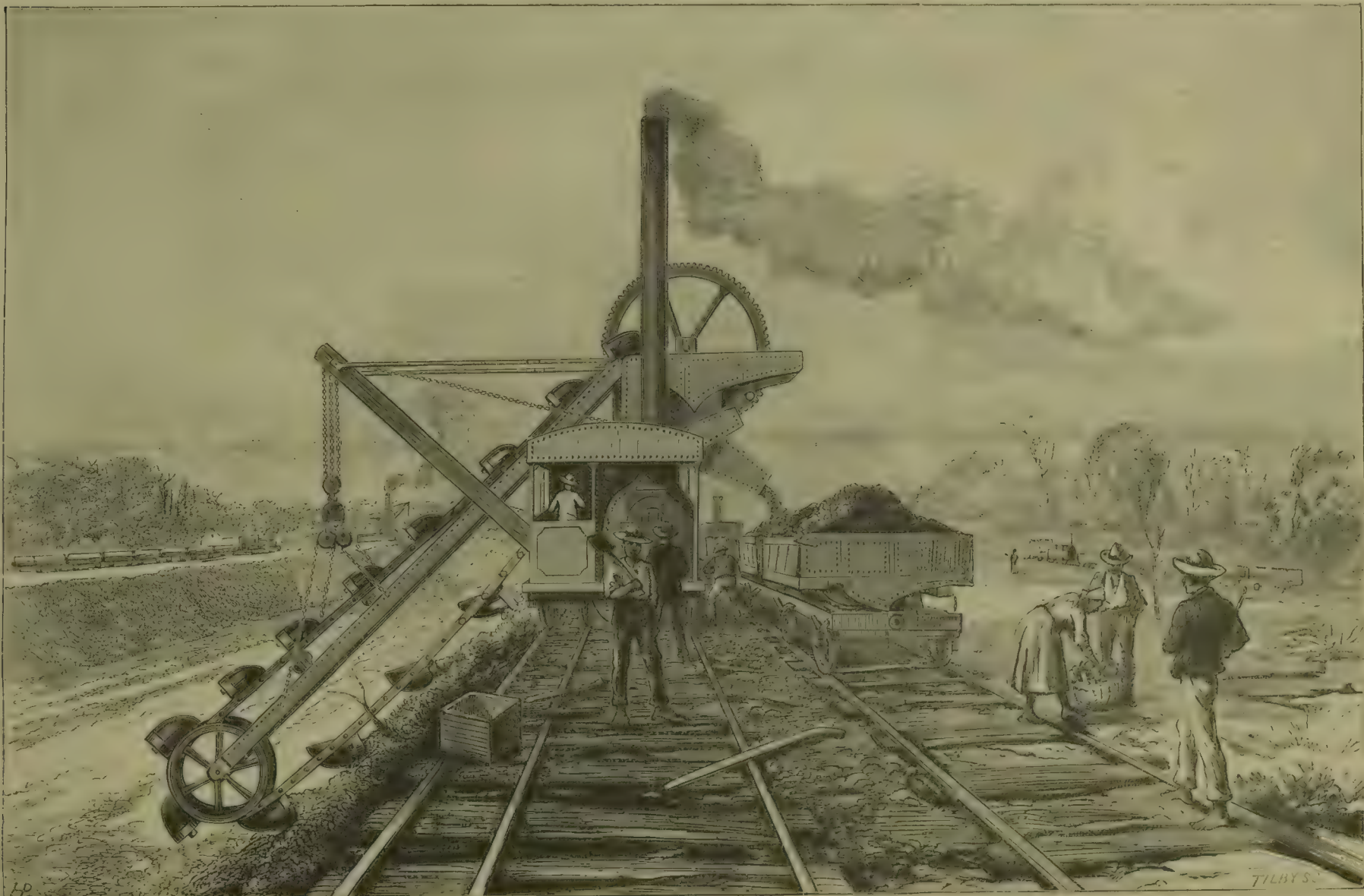
Great Britain, will be of much commercial importance, as the freight charges and risks, especially of wool and wheat cargoes, must thereby be lessened. India will probably not be greatly affected by the new route of navigation; and it may be doubted whether our Chinese trade will alter its course. For the conveyance of mails and passengers to China and Japan, the Canadian Pacific Railway must certainly be more expeditious than any transit of steam-ships through the Isthmus of Panama. The Peninsular and Oriental route to India and Eastern Asia, however, should hold its own against every competitor proceeding in a western direction.

It would, therefore, be with a short-sighted view of our own interests, and it would show a captious, peevish, and unworthy temper, if Englishmen refused to join with the rest of the civilised world, at least with the rest of Europe, in a frank recognition of the extraordinary merits and services of M. Ferdinand De Lesseps, the successful projector and constructor of the Suez Canal, the founder of the Panama Canal Company, and hitherto its active director. The life and achievements of this truly "grand old man," this wonderful octogenarian, who has fought so many pacific and beneficent battles for purpose most useful to mankind, and whose brave spirit and genius for practical business are still unabated by venerable age, unexhausted by a multiplicity of toils, negotiations, and discussions, have frequently been a theme of admiring comment. In the second volume of his autobiographical memoirs, "Recollections of Forty Years," recently noticed by us, he relates with simple and unassuming fidelity the circumstances attending his commencement of the present great work; one that he may hope either to finish in his lifetime, or to bequeath to competent



M. FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.

CONSTRUCTOR OF THE SUEZ CANAL, PRESIDENT OF THE PANAMA CANAL COMPANY.



EXCAVATOR AT WORK AT TABEMILLA (TAVERNILLA).

ACROSS TWO OCEANS: THE PANAMA SHIP CANAL.—SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

persons have written treatises—among them Prince Louis Napoleon, long before he became the Emperor Napoleon III. Two companies were formed, to send out preliminary exploring expeditions. One of these examined the Lake Nicaragua route, which Louis Napoleon had recommended; the other, led by the Hungarian General Türr, visited the isthmus, in the parts about Panama and Darien; and there were surveying parties of officers, also, from the United States, occupied in a similar quest. M. De Lesseps, having collected all their reports, convened in May, 1879, a special Congress of geographers, engineers, surveyors, merchants, sailors, ship-owners, and others, of all nations, to the number of a hundred or more, who during a fortnight gave their continuous attention to this question. They were divided into five committees, appointed respectively to estimate the probable traffic of the Canal, the rate of charges it would bear, and the consequent revenue, the nautical conditions of its working, the geographical route to be chosen, and the means and cost of construction. The comparative facilities of different proposed routes—those of Tehuantepec and Honduras, from the Gulf of Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, San Blas, Darien, and the Atrato River of north-west South America—were minutely investigated. Some of these would require a number of locks, others would demand tunnels. The Congress finally resolved, by seventy-eight votes against eight, twelve abstaining, that the Canal, at the sea-level, without any locks, should be made from the Bay of Limon to the Bay of Panama; all the committees agreed in favour of this resolution. Other recommendations of the Congress have been followed by the Company which M. De Lesseps formed to execute the work, styled "La Compagnie Universelle du Canal Interocéanique de Panama."

In July, 1879, M. Ferdinand De Lesseps concluded an arrangement with M. Bonaparte Wyse and his associates for the purchase of a concession granted to the latter by the Government of the Colombian Republic, for a canal across the Isthmus of Panama. On the 23rd of that month, M. De Lesseps published his first prospectus, inviting subscriptions for 800,000 shares of 500f. each, giving a capital of £16,000,000. The shares were not taken up; but in November, 1880, a second prospectus was issued, for 600,000 shares; and upwards of 1,200,000 shares were then applied for by 102,230 subscribers. The Company was thus constituted, with a capital of £12,000,000, in 600,000 £20 shares, which have been paid up in full; and the Company has contracted six loans, mostly bearing three per cent interest, but taken at large discount, the total amount of obligations, in 1887, being £53,931,100, which had produced in cash £29,909,343; the annual charge for interest, with that for the sinking fund, is £2,668,458. The total cost of the work, allowing 10 per cent for contingencies, was estimated in 1880 at £33,748,000; but it is now calculated that £24,000,000 more will be required. The actual expenditure up to June 30, 1887, may be taken at £46,000,000.

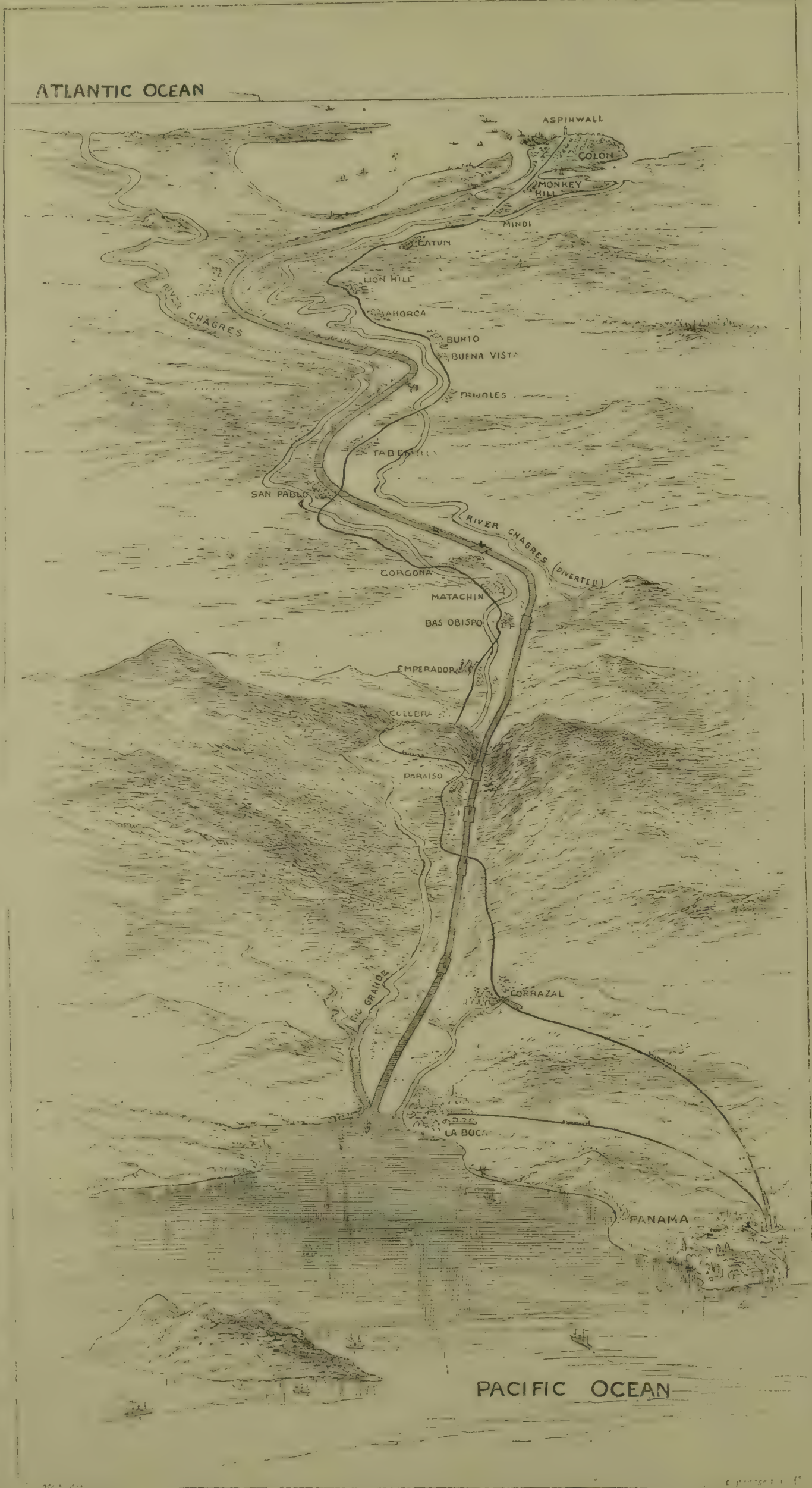
We refer to our Sketch Map of the Isthmus, showing the route of the intended Ship Canal, the rivers and mountain or hill ranges, and the railway from Aspinwall to Panama, which

has been purchased by the Canal Company. The total length of the Canal, from the Bay of Limon, near Colon, on the Atlantic shore, to the Boca or mouth of the Rio Grande, in the Bay of Panama, on the Pacific coast, is scarcely forty-six

constituting the backbone of the Continent, and in some parts of the Isthmus attaining a mountainous elevation. But the greatest height in the saddle-back pass of these hills between the valleys of the Rio Grande and that of the Obispo, a high-

land tributary of the Chagres river, is 360 ft. above the sea-level, at Culebra; while the height at Emperador is 200 ft. Instead of making ships ascend by a series of locks, as was proposed by some engineers, to the elevation of 120 ft., which would undoubtedly be practicable, it was decided to undertake cuttings all the way at the sea-level. This was expected to involve the excavation and removal of seventy-two million cubic metres of earth (about ninety-five million cubic yards); but it is believed that a very much greater quantity of earth must be taken away, in order to give the sides of the cuttings, where they are of soft earth, a sufficient slope to prevent its being washed down into the Canal by the tropical rains. To the 360 ft. above the sea-level, we must add 29 ft., the depth of the intended canal. A cutting, in any case, which must be nearly 390 ft. deep, in the Culebra section, for a length of two kilometres (a mile and a quarter), and 1000 ft. wide at the top, is no trifling job; the Obispo and Emperador cuttings are likewise big pieces of work. This, however, is only a matter of toil, cost, and time. The most serious obstacle to the completion of the Canal is the Chagres River. It is small and sluggish during the dry season, but becomes a torrent almost uncontrollable at the end of the wet season. During the great flood of November, 1879, the railroad was covered with water nearly eighteen feet deep from Colon to Emperador, over thirty miles. Another such flood would in a few hours undo much of the work between Colon and Emperador. The plan for controlling the Chagres river is a very bold one: it is to divert its course from joining the Obispo, opposite Matachin, by the construction of an immense dam at Gamboa, about a mile long and 295 ft. above the level of the river at that point. This dam is to be 50 ft. wide, and protected by solid masonry. A large culvert through this dam will be provided with sluice-gates, by means of which the flow of the river from the upper valley can be temporarily checked, and the water will thus be made to collect in the natural basin formed by the hills. After the floods the water thus collected will be gradually, and, it is believed, quite safely, drained through the culvert. The construction of this dam will cost a larger sum of money than was at first thought; but it will utilise a large quantity of the earth and stone removed from the hill cuttings. The hill region has a total width of nearly nine miles, from Bas Obispo to Paraiso, with an average height of 147 ft. In the valley of the Obispo the surface is very irregular until Emperador is reached, at 200 ft. above sea-level, and two and a quarter miles from Matachin. The line through this cutting has been laid out with curves of about one mile radius.

The port of entry of the Canal at Colon, on the Atlantic coast, has been excavated at Fox River, where a temporary port has been established for the reception and storage of material. From this point, the Canal, skirting the morass of Mindi, passes into the valley of the Chagres at Gatun, whence the line follows the valley to San Pablo, between the railway and the river on the left side, cutting



SKETCH-PLAN OF THE PANAMA SHIP CANAL.

The shaded broad line is the intended Canal; the single black line represents the existing Railway; the Rivers are indicated by showing their channels, in white, between the lines of their banks.

miles. The difficulties in its construction occur mainly in dealing with the River Chagres, which is subject to high floods that would destroy the Canal works, and in cutting through the range of hills, a portion of the Cordilleras that rise towards the Pacific side of Central and South America,

where a temporary port has been established for the reception and storage of material. From this point, the Canal, skirting the morass of Mindi, passes into the valley of the Chagres at Gatun, whence the line follows the valley to San Pablo, between the railway and the river on the left side, cutting

the river at several points, and crossing the railway at San Pablo. Thence the line of the Canal passes to Matabichin, cutting many bends of the river en route, and following generally the right bank, which is quitted at Matabichin, where the Canal enters the valley of the Obispo. The river at Matabichin, at low water, is 44 ft. above the level of the sea. The average fall of the bed of the river is only 1 in 3300, and the ground is marshy.

The excavation of different sections is entrusted to contractors paid by the cubic metre, at rates varying from 1s. to about 6s., according to the nature of the soil, all plant being furnished by the Company, who charge 6 per cent on its cost. One of the largest contracts is that of an Anglo-Dutch firm, who have undertaken the removal of three million cubic metres from the Culebra cut within two years, at 1.76 dols. Colombian currency (about 6s.) per cubic metre. The machinery is principally French, Belgian, and American, and consists of great steam-dredges, compressed-air perforators, hydraulic machinery, steam-shovels, and derricks. The canal dredging between Colon and Gatun was undertaken by Messrs. Hulme, Slaven and Co., at 1f. 50c. per cubic metre. From the hill cuttings, the rubbish is removed in "dumping-cars," running on rails, of French and Belgian construction, the larger holding six cubic metres, and the smaller half a cubic metre of soil. About twelve thousand labourers, mostly West Indian negroes and mulattoes, are employed in all. They are conveyed to and fro by the railway. The stations have been built on hills in proximity to the works, and comprise houses for the engineers, the foremen, and the American and European workmen, and ranchos or huts for the blacks. These ranchos give shelter to from four to six hundred workmen. The houses contain from thirty to fifty persons. Each station has its hospital, with forty beds, its telegraph office, its storehouse, and its workshop. The natives build their huts round these villages, and furnish the inhabitants with supplies.

Mr. R. Nelson Boyd, a member of the Institute of Civil Engineers, read a paper before the Civil and Mechanical Engineers' Society, on March 30, 1887, in which he gave an account, from personal inspection, of the technical processes applied in the Canal works, and pointed out that there was much waste of money and of valuable "plant." Omitting some remarks to the latter effect, because the faults he noticed may possibly have been amended since the date of his visit to the scene, and further progress must have been effected, we make the following extracts:—

"At Colon the entrance to the Canal has been constructed by making an embankment which protects it from the north winds, and has reclaimed ground, formerly a swamp, on which the pleasant little settlement called 'Christophe Colomb' has been built. From the entrance the Canal has been dredged to a depth of six metres for a length of four and a half kilometres, and is open for small steamers. Three very powerful steam dredges are now at work deepening the Canal down to nine metres. After this comes a length of ground almost untouched, owing to disputes with the contractors. Then comes a length of six kilometres on the old bed of the Chagres, where dredges are at work deepening. These dredges have a power of 180-horse power, and raise about 3000 cubic metres in the twenty-four hours. This seemed to me to be the best conducted work on the Canal. From this on, all the earth in the cuttings is moved by hand labour, with the narrow gauge railway known as the 'Decauville,' or by the steam navy or excavator, with full-sized railway waggons. The engineers advocate the latter, because they can get more work done; but some of the contractors prefer the former method. The steam navy Osgood at work on the Tabemilla section moves 300 to 360 cubic metres in ten hours; this section is almost level. At Buho Soldado, a hill of about 65 metres in height is being removed by immense blasts of dynamite. After Tabemilla comes San Pablo, where the Canal crosses the railway, and a turning bridge will have to be constructed. A few kilometres beyond this point comes Gamboa, where the proposed reservoir was to be, and then the immense cutting of Culebra across the watershed. This is the most important work to be done on the Canal. The length of the cutting is 1800 metres, and the deepest point of the cutting is 140 metres. The average for the total length is 88 metres. The height of 140 metres is not that of the centre line, but the height of the summit of one of the slopes. The latter are 1 to 1, and the width at top of cutting will be from 200 to 300 metres. The quantity of earth to be moved is 20,000,000 cubic metres. At the time of my visit little work was being done, because a new firm of contractors had just taken over the cutting, and were making arrangements to suit their views. The previous contractors worked in steps, and used the small gauge Decauville railway and the steam navy. Of the latter they had seventeen at work. Up to date about one-twentieth of the quantity has been moved, so that about 16,000,000 cubic metres remained to be excavated. This has been the work of six years. Of course much had to be done in preparatory work, such as laying roads for tipping, and getting the material together. However, as it now stands, it is estimated that it will require at the very least six years to finish it. The difficulties of this immense cutting are greatly enhanced by the nature of the ground, which is in great part composed of basalt rocks—dolomite—with bands of sand intervening. Several slips have occurred and occasioned much trouble. This point is the watershed between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and from this on to Panama the Canal is cut through comparatively easy ground. The only difficulties are the deviation of the Panama Railroad and of the River Grande."

For some kilometres before reaching the Pacific, the Canal runs through swampy ground very little above sea-level, and eventually joins the sea at La Boca, the mouth of the Rio Grande. Unfortunately, the water is very shallow here, and the last 5 kilometres have to be dredged through a bed of sand forming a wide bar at the mouth of the river. Three powerful dredges, of the Gouro pattern, able to raise 150 tons per hour, are here at work. When the Canal was commenced, the necessity of locks and gates was suggested owing to the difference of tide between the two oceans. The Atlantic tide at Colon rises 2 ft., whereas the Pacific at Panama rises 20 ft., and it has been ascertained that at low water the level of the Pacific Ocean is 3.25 metres—10½ ft.—below the Atlantic. The last proposal to obviate the ebb and flow of the Pacific tide was to construct a basin near the Pacific end 4000 metres long by 500 metres wide, lined with strong quay walls and gates on the Colon side which would be opened at high water. The cost of this work was estimated at fifty million francs. This, as well as other projects, has been shelved for the time, and the present intention is to construct an open canal from end to end. Its entire length, including the channel dredged in the Bay of Panama, will be 74 kilometres (45 miles and 1729 yards); the width at bottom, 22 metres (or 72 ft.); at the top, 40 metres (131 ft.); and the depth of water 9 metres (29 ft. 6 in.).

In another half-sheet supplement, this week presented to our readers, will be found three more Sketches by our Special Artist. One of them is a View of the Culebra cutting, in the opposite direction to that of the View in the double-page Engraving in this half-sheet. The other Illustrations are those of men digging the new channel for the river Chagres, and of a "Slaven" dredging-machine.

NOVELS.

The Devil's Die. By Grant Allen. Three vols. (Chatto and Windus).—It is an awkward compliment to the readers of a novel when its author tells them, by the way, that he writes novels only "for filthy lucre," and that for his "own pleasure" he writes "modest biography." Mr. Grant Allen, we believe, writes essays on several other things; and it might well be that he could display in them sound knowledge and sound thought. But as every man has a certain amount of ignorance, and more or less capacity of misunderstanding and misconceiving, to bestow somewhere or other, he seems to have deposited his large stock of those shoddy elements of authorship in a novel written avowedly not for his "own pleasure," and certainly not for ours, or probably that of any sensible reader. His future treatises on some rather serious subjects ought to be the more instructive for having thus cleared his mind of so much perilous stuff and nonsense, so many erroneous descriptions, wild guesses and enormous blunders in certain matters of fact, and such preposterous ideas of human character, motives, and actions. Nothing of that kind is too wrong or too bad to be put into a novel written merely, as he says, "for filthy lucre," especially when its quality is stamped with so hideous a title as "The Devil's Die." To novels of a better quality, if they give only the refined pleasure of fancy and imagination, any remuneration that their sale can yield, without the cant phrase of disparagement or apology, is justly and honourably due, with a proportionate measure of public esteem and some personal gratitude to their authors. It is different with a novel which purports to exemplify a false, absurd, and pernicious theory—the doctrine that mere heredity, in spite of all modifying, educating, and regenerating influences, in spite of religion, laws, customs, and manners, and of all teaching and training and social example, absolutely determines the moral destiny, to the denial of individual free will. This must not be appraised simply as an abortive attempt to cater for popular amusement. If it is necessarily bad story-telling, it is also, in our judgment, very bad moral philosophy; and it is worth while to show that the problem of a didactic fiction, so mischievous in its assumed doctrine, is mangled, distorted, and shattered into a heap of inconsistencies and impossibilities, by the incoherent conduct of the story. Let us see. Dr. Harry Chichele, the junior house physician of Middlesex Hospital, a clever and enthusiastic student of physiology and pathology, had a grandmother, one of the Peytons of Yorkshire, a daughter of Lord St. Maurice; and the said Lord St. Maurice had married the daughter, by an English mother, of an Indian half-caste, Philippe Kérouac, the son of a French or Breton adventurer by the Begum Johanna of Deoband, and the inheritor of her immense riches. Now, the Begum Johanna was a cruel woman, who once, being jealous of a beautiful slave-girl, buried her alive, in a vault directly under her own bed, and listened nine days to her shrieks and groans till she died of starvation. Consequently, and for no other reason, Dr. Harry Chichele, who had never been in India, and who had never heard of the Begum until he was told of this crime by his Indian fellow medical student Dr. Mohammad Ali, is constrained by a remote relationship, of which he is still unaware, to put one of his hospital female patients quietly to death by a chill, in order that he may extract from her body certain morbid germs for his scientific researches. Here are two murders, which may perhaps be regarded as equally criminal, but which arise from motives as different as can well be imagined. Dr. Chichele is so wicked as to take a human life—in this case a life as vile, wretched, and depraved, as bad for the miserable creature herself and for others, as can be found in the worst slums of London. Yet he abounds in benevolent sympathy, in kindness and tenderness, on other occasions; he has risked his own life, both in attending cholera and fever patients, and in rescuing a solitary survivor from shipwreck; he takes care, at his private cost, of the neglected child crouching on his doorstep; he feels a noble zeal for his humane mission of discovering how to extirpate the germs of epidemic diseases. He is a murderer; he ought perhaps to be hanged; but what trace is there of moral affinity between him and the vindictive, wantonly cruel, essentially malignant murderess, the old Begum Johanna of Deoband! Malignity is not in his nature at all, however we ought to detest his conduct; and the proof of an hereditary moral taint, on which Dr. Mohammad Ali and the author of this novel rely, breaks down in the first instance. For we see that it could not be the abstract tendency to perpetrate murder, but some peculiar strain of vicious passion, tyranny, revenge, fiendish destructiveness, or a savage delight in cruelty, a craving to inflict and to witness pain, that would be inherited from the Begum. Harry Chichele is, and continues to be, entirely free from these dispositions; but the novelist will yet bring him to attempt a second murder—all sorts of murders being alike due to the one strain of "heredity"—and this crime, incomparably the most heinous, being an attempt to kill his own wife, by infecting her with cholera, that he may marry another woman, is equally unlike the reported crime of the Indian Begum, his terrible ancestress, and unlike all his own previous behaviour. Men have been known to poison their wives from that motive; but he was not the kind of man to do so. Nor had "the Devil," who must be presumed to be playing "dice" for Harry's soul, got the advantage of his being exposed by his domestic position, by any disappointment or estrangement in his first wedded life, or by any prospect of winning a fortune through second nuptials, or by any impulse of a sensual temperament and sexual passion, to the peculiar trains of evil thought and purpose leading to wife-murder. His remote Indian ancestress, great-great-grandmother as we make her out, is not recorded to have poisoned her wife, or more possibly her husband; but if ever she did, why, reckoning an average of twenty years to each generation—Indian girls marry and bear children while very young, but her descendants were of Eurasian or European race—it must have been quite a century ago. It would, indeed, have been still more wonderful if the ancient Begum had cherished and bequeathed to her remote posterity that fanatical enthusiasm for the modern study of epidemic maladies, and of the bacteria or other microbes to which they are now ascribed, for the sake of which our London hospital physicians are suspected of putting their patients to death. Mr. Grant Allen, we regret to observe, in this novel written "for filthy lucre," has followed the bad example set last year by an infamous story called "St. Bernard's," which represented the medical and surgical staff, and the teaching professional men of those beneficent institutions, as systematically torturing, mutilating, and killing numbers of human victims to profit by the exhibition of scientific knowledge and skill. We know which of our hospitals, one of the best and greatest, the one most needing public support, was aimed at by that base and wicked libel, which was the work of a person acquainted with medicine and surgery. Mr. Grant Allen is, on the contrary, not aware that the germs of cholera and those of typhus fever would not be sought in the blood, or be procured only by a *post-mortem* examination, seeing that they abound in the excretions of the living patient; and he makes Dr. Chichele infect his wife with cholera by putting its microbes into a

sub-cutaneous injection of morphine! This prevents his book causing serious injury to any of the London hospitals; but his consciousness that it might do some injury is betrayed by his changing the name of the "Middlesex Hospital" to the "Regent's Park Hospital," in the middle of his second volume. How about "University College, London," with its Professorship of Medical Etymology, which is conferred on the doctor who has murdered poor Mrs. Wilcox by putting an ice-cold hand on her spine at the crisis of fever? It seems an outrage, just now, when Hospital Sunday comes round, that books pandering either to silly prejudice or to private malice—either such as "The Devil's Die," or such as "St. Bernard's"—should exist in print. The one at present before us has been written, we are sure, in no spirit of malice, but in profound and extensive ignorance. Mr. Grant Allen knows as little of pathology and therapeutics as he does of heredity and ethnology; and he fancies that a Mussulman native of the North-west Provinces of India, one of "pure Arab race," is "a black man," even a "blackamoor," who will be mistaken in America by and by for a negro, and must, while in England, always be oppressed with a sense of race inferiority to Europeans! This ludicrous idea of Dr. Mohammad Ali's personal "heredity" contrasts amazingly with the superhuman nobleness of his conduct, as the most sublimely devoted and disinterested friend, the most self-renouncing, self-sacrificing lover, that was ever conceived in romance, and with a celestial purity in his platonic attachment to one lady, an Englishwoman, that scarcely answers to the reputed characteristics of the Indian Mussulman nations. We repeat that the author's singular ignorance, in spite of his parade of pretended knowledge, will render this book harmless in the opinion of all educated persons. But that is no excuse for a reckless libel on the members of the medical profession, and on their scientific studies and their practice among the poor of London. If such a preposterous notion deserved any argument for its refutation one might ask whether common fever patients are not dying by hundreds, in spite of all efforts to cure them; so that a *post-mortem* inspection of their bodies can be obtained at any time, without killing a patient for that purpose!

A Life Interest. By Mrs. Alexander. Three vols. (R. Bentley and Son).—After reading this story, one will hardly say that it has no interest; but that which it has is not the "life interest" held by Mr. Acland, a London solicitor, in the property of his first wife, whose decease left him with two children, Marjory and George. It was very foolish of him then to marry a supposed widow, Mrs. Cranston, who had a son Richard of her own, and of whose antecedents he was kept in ignorance. She had been the cast-off mistress of a scheming villain named Blake, and had become the wife of Philip Cranston, a gentleman of good family leading a wandering life as an artist, who is supposed to have died by a steam-boat accident on an American river. Being handsome, artful, and wicked, Mrs. Acland has gained absolute command of her second husband's rather complicated household, to which, in seven years, their union has added two younger children; and she hates both her own eldest son, Dick Cranston, and her step-daughter, Marjory Acland. The interest of the story will now be divined. These two young persons, being of no kindred to each other, though brought up as half-sister and half-brother, are destined to be lovers. For some time, however, they are subjected to much unkind treatment, and are severally driven from the home of their youth, while George, the younger brother of Marjory, is sent to sea as a common apprentice. Mr. Acland, receiving for his life the yearly income from the property which is to pass to Marjory and George in reversion, has been persuaded to withhold from them a fitting provision for their education and settlement. Mrs. Acland holds the purse, rules her feeble spouse, and pampers her selfish ambition with a costly establishment; but she is at the mercy of Blake, who extorts money from her, and compels her to aid his fraudulent projects, by threatening to expose the shameful secret of her early life. Upon one occasion, robbing her husband to buy off this persecutor, she allows suspicion of the theft to fall on her son Dick Cranston; he resents the disgraceful imputation, and goes off to take care of himself. Marjory also revolts against her unjust stepmother, and obtains a situation as lady companion and secretary with Mr. and Mrs. Carteret, a rich and childless couple living sometimes in Paris or in Italy, sometimes at Langford Priory, where she stays with them a whole summer. Mr. Carteret was uncle to Marjory's mother, the first Mrs. Acland; but he is a vain old egotist, a conceited dilettante, proud of his collections of art and antiquities, and though willing to let the girl work for him in catalogue-making, shows no kindly affection for her. Marjory is consoled by her frank sisterly concern in the welfare of George and of Dick, still regarding the latter as a sort of brother; and she is rejoiced by meeting him again, as a working stonemason employed in the architectural improvements of Lord Beaulieu's rural mansion. Dick, who is a fine fellow, of rare industry and intelligence, studying to become an architect, has found a guide and patron in Mr. Brand, the adviser of Lord Beaulieu in the artistic decoration of that nobleman's house. Nobody but the reader is yet aware that Mr. Brand is really Dick's father, the long-lost Philip Cranston, who was not drowned in America after all. Moreover, there is a splendid fortune yet to come in view from the Cranston side of the horizon; for the unexpected demise of one or two persons leaves him next heir to an estate of £8000 a year, in which a certain Mr. Maynard has only "a life interest." But the meritorious Dick, not knowing what is in store for him, works head and hand, in an independent spirit, to win an entrance to his chosen profession. Marjory, in the meantime, has been obliged to return to her father's house in London, where she finds herself more unhappy than ever. While staying with Mr. Carteret, she was assailed by the importunate love-suit of one Ralph Vere Ellis, an attaché to the diplomatic Legation at Paris, who sought to persuade her to a secret marriage; this she had firmly refused, though she would have wedded him openly to escape from her bondage of dependent poverty. He now lays a trap for her, through an advertisement for a situation as nursery governess, and cunningly induces her to go to Scotland, where she is received in a farm-house, and is invited to submit to his proposal under colour of the questionable private formality recognised by Scottish law. She eludes the custody of his female accomplices, runs away from the house, and takes refuge with Dick and Mr. Brand at Edinburgh, but loses no time in getting safe home; after which she makes a fresh start, joining her brother George, who, having been disabled for a sailor by the loss of one arm, is now a clerk in the office of Mr. Rennie, shipowner, at Dockborough. Here, after so many adventures, the heroine lives awhile in peace; but her anxieties are not yet wholly removed, for there is a risk of her reputation being compromised by the affair with Ralph Ellis, who is ruthless and unscrupulous in his pursuit of her. In the end, when Mrs. Acland has failed in an attempt to put her first husband to death by chloroform, and has subsequently been run over in the street and crippled, there is a complete prospect of happiness for Marjory and Dick Cranston, to the satisfaction of all who incline to believe that young people are naturally good, and that some of their elders are dreadfully bad. This story leaves a disagreeable taste on the palate.

ACROSS TWO OCEANS: THE PANAMA SHIP CANAL.—SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



CUTTING THROUGH THE CULEBRA MOUNTAIN: GENERAL VIEW, LOOKING WEST, TOWARDS PANAMA.

ABOUT ROSES.

That the rose is the Queen of Flowers, all the world has agreed. She was crowned, ages ago, in the blooming gardens of the East, and no competitor has ever succeeded in deposing her from her throne. Her supremacy is, indeed, as truly royal as that of Shakspeare among poets or Beethoven among musicians; there is no member of the floral tribes which makes even a good second. She is far and away foremost by right of her exquisite colourings and that delicious fragrance which survives even her beauty. This is so evident that the poets always name the rose if they would give us an idea of anything pre-eminently lovely. So, too, the Hebrew prophet, when he would reveal to mankind the blessed influences that are to follow the coming of the Gospel, tells us that "the wilderness shall blossom as a rose." In the Canticles the Church compares herself to "the Rose of Sharon"; and in the Apocrypha the son of Sirach likens wisdom to a rose-plant in Jericho, and holiness to a rose growing by a meadow-stream. In classic times it was consecrated to the impersonation of beauty—to Aphrodite. Homer sees its bloom on the cheek of Helen; Theocritus lays it on the grave of Bion; and the blush of the rose kindles through all the poetry of Anacreon, who cared not for "the bowl of Bacchus" until "buds of roses, virgin flowers," had been steeped in the "beaded wine." He devotes one of his most graceful odes to its praises. "Its breath perfumes," he says, "the Olympian bowers. Venus finds in its fresh-blown petals an emblem of herself; and the Graces have long reared it in their tuneful shades. There is nothing bright or sweet in Nature which is not irradiated by its lustre. When Aurora draws aside the curtains of the East, it is with rose-tipped fingers. The balm which it yields possesses a healing power, and subdues the bounding pulse of pain. It is used," continues the poet, "in embalming the dead." And he sums up his rapturous panegyric by describing how, when Aphrodite sprang in all her unsullied loveliness from the ocean foam, and Pallas rose, full-armed, from the pregnant brain of mighty Zeus, this brilliant birth came at the same time from the earth's genial breast. All the sweet singers of antiquity follow suit. The Lesbian poetess is the first to celebrate it as the queen of the world of flowers. In the "Pervigilium Veneris," ascribed to Catullus, its crimson hues are traced to the blood which flowed from the wound of Adonis—"rosæ fuse aprino de cruore." So special an excellence was attached to it that Aristophanes invented the pretty compliment to a graceful speaker—"You have spoken roses." And such was the fascination it exercised that rich men left directions in their wills for roses to be scattered over their tombs—as if their subtle breath could insinuate itself into the world of the dead. The young Athenian lover, when too timid to declare himself in burning words, revealed his love by a posy of roses—"token flowers that tell what words can never speak so well." At their banquets the Greek revellers crowned themselves and their cups with roses. And Cupid having given a rose to Harpocrates, the silent god, as a bribe not to babble about the fickle loves of Venus, the flower was adopted as the emblem of silence, and carved on the ceiling of the guest-chamber to indicate that whatever was spoken *sub rosâ*—under the rose—was not to be repeated *sub divo*. For this reason it was placed, early in the sixteenth century, over the confessional; and in the eighteenth was adopted by the Jacobins, who nursed their loyalty to the exiled Stuarts in secret.

The Romans were not less partial than the Greeks to this royal flower. Horace, when dwelling on the pleasures of life, desiderated its constant presence at the feast—"nec desinit epulis rosæ." Cleopatra strewed the floor of her banquet-hall with roses to a depth of eighteen inches—ah, what a fragrant and deliciously yielding carpet! Nero, at one of his Imperial revels, expended upon them nearly £30,000: an extravagance in floral decoration which Tyburnia has not yet dared to imitate. Alma Tadema is now showing us at the Royal Academy how Heliogabalus half-smothered his guests in rose-blooms. They were woven—these favoured flowers—into the bridal wreath; they were laid upon the cold brow of the departed. Wine was made from them—rose-wine! it should be the only drink of Beauty!—and so were medicine and oil, conserves and perfumes. Christian art in due time took up the rose, symbolically and ornamentally; and what liberal use it made of the sweet symbol let the sculptures and carvings and the painted glass in our old cathedrals and minsters bear witness. It was selected as the attribute of St. Dorothea, whom the early painters represent with roses in a basket; while St. Elizabeth of Portugal carries them in her hand, and St. Rosalia and St. Angelus wear them for a coronal. But everywhere, in poetry, in romance, even in history, we seem to catch the scent of the rose. Think of the rose-gardens of Persia and the loves of the rose and the bulbul, celebrated by Hafiz and Jami. "You may place a hundred handfuls of fragrant herbs and flowers," says the latter, "before the nightingale, yet he wishes not, in his constant heart, for more than the sweet breath of his beloved rose." We remember the Valley of Kashmir, "with its roses the brightest that earth ever gave"—for brilliancy of hue and delicacy of odour, says Forster, they have long been proverbial in the East—and its Feast of Roses (Gul Reazee) which Thomas Moore has introduced so pleasantly into his poem of "The Light of the Harem." Then there are those famous roses once plucked in the Temple Garden, the Red

Rose and the White, "the pale and bloody petals" of which (to use Hawthorne's fine expression) were scattered over many an English battle-field. There is the Golden Rose, which the Pope gives, as the most precious of gifts, to some favoured Catholic Sovereign—symbolical at once of a fading earthly life and of the unfading life in heaven. And there is that pretty legend which Sir John Mandeville relates how that a beautiful Jewish maiden of Bethlehem, named Zillah, was beloved by Hamuel, a youth of evil passions and bad character; how that she rejected his suit, and that he thereupon swore to be revenged; how that he accused her of being a demoniac and she was condemned to the stake; and how that Providence drove the flames aside, and the stake budded, and the virgin stood uninjured beneath a rose-tree full of white and red roses—then "first seen on earth since Paradise was lost."

With garlands, rose-red and rich-scented, about their brows, now come our English poets to invest the Queen of Flowers with the charm of poetical association. And first we see Chaucer's Emilie wandering in her garden in the dewy morning, and "thrusting among the thorns her little hand" to gather the buds and blooms she covets. Next we take note of Dunbar's happy allegory of "The Thistle and the Rose," written in celebration of the marriage of James IV. of Scotland with Princess Margaret of England, when "the merle she sang, Hail, rose of most delight; hail, of all floris queen an' soverain! The lark, she sang, Hail, rose, both red and white; Most pleasant flower, of mighty colours twain!" And then we have Spenser, in his gorgeous description of Acrasia's bower of bliss, striking the keynote of that lament over the speedy passage of the rose, which later poets have been so ready to take up and sustain. After describing how sweetly the virgin rose at first peeps forth with bashful modesty; afterwards, "more bold and free the barbed bosom she doth broad display," and how soon she fades and falls away, he exclaims:—"Gather, therefore, the rose whilst yet is prime, For soon comes age that will her pride deflower; Gather the rose of love whilst yet in time, Whilst loving thou mayst loved be with equal crime."

Sir Philip Sidney, when he invokes the coming of Sleep, prepares to tempt her with "a rosy garland;" and Kit Marlowe's "passionate Shepherd" promises to prepare for his love "beds of roses, and a thousand fragrant posies." Lodge compares the delicious lips of his Rosalind to "two budded roses." One of Shakspeare's finest sonnets might be called (in the late Philip Bourke Marston's pretty phrase) "a whisper of roses," for the roses perfume each melodious line. "Of their sweet deaths," he says, "are sweetest odours made." Drayton, when describing the wedding of the Thames and the Isis, places in the forefront of the flowers that are to deck the bride, "the red, the dainty white, the goodly damask rose." To the twofold charm of the rose—its bloom and its perfume—Fletcher alludes in a lyric in "The Two Noble Kinsmen":—"Roses, their sharp spines being gone, Not royal in their smells alone, But in their hue."

We must not ignore that graceful song of Carew's, "Ask me no more where love bestows, When June is past, the fading rose." Herrick repeats the moral taught by Spenser: "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may; Old Time is still a-flying; And this same flower that smiles to-day, To-morrow will be dying." And singing of his Sappho, he tells us that the roses were all white until, having failed to match the beauty of her cheek, they blushed red with shame at their discomfiture. There is an elegant fancy in Habington's charming verses "To Roses in the Bosom of Custara," beginning—"Ye blushing virgins happy are in the sweet nunnery of her breasts." One of Lovelace's prettiest lyrics celebrates this "sweet, serene, shy-like flower"—this "new-startled blush of Flora"—as the "grief of pale Aurora," who, when contrasted with the rose, laments her inferior beauty; and Cowley, when he descants upon the Spring, is also careful to recognise its exceeding charm—"I saw a rosebud ope this morn; I'll swear The blushing morning opened not more fair."

And thus, in bright procession, the poets maintain the time-long consecration of the rose. It suggests to Waller the most exquisite of his poems, which possesses, like the flower it sings of, a sweetness that time can never touch:—"Go, lovely rose, Tell her that's young, And shuns to have her graces spied, That hadst thou sprung In deserts where no man abide, Thou must have uncommended died." Milton shows us his Eve, in the unfading bowers of Paradise, standing half-hidden by a veil of rosy bloom and fragrance, "so thick the blushing roses round her blow." "Lovely is the rose!" exclaims Wordsworth, who, however, though the poet and priest of Nature, alludes but seldom to Nature's divine gift of the flowers. Leigh Hunt, in Francesca da Rimini's garden, makes the flower-beds "liberal of delight; Roses in heaps were there, both red and white"—a line which conveys to the reader beautiful suggestions of all kinds of delicate and lovely things; a glorious diversity and yet harmony of colour; a not less glorious variety and yet harmony of outline; and an ecstasy of sweet perfume, transcending Sabæan odours! "Roses in heaps"—just think of it! Dwarf roses and climbing roses; roses whitely pure as the sea-foam; roses that match the tint of beauty's vermeil cheek; roses redolent of freshness, fragrance, and splendour; roses in the bud, and in the full-blown flower—roses in heaps! Scarcely less suggestive is Shelley's picture—"One darkest glen Sends from its woods of musk-rose twined with jasmine A soul-dissolving odour."

Mrs. Browning sings a charming "Lay of the Early Rose"—"a white rose delicate, on a tall bough and straight"; while Keats rejoices in "mid-May's eldest child, The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine"; invents the graceful image—"As though a rose should shut and be a bud again"; tells us how "the morning South disparts a dew-lipped rose"; and supplies us with a pretty fancy, "The eyelids with the passing coolness play, Like rose-leaves with the drip of summer rain." Lewis Morris speaks of young maidenhood as "opening like a rose in love's mysterious honeyed air." Swinburne describes Proserpine as "the white rose of the rose-white water." Thomas Hood sings of "the time of roses," which will be identical, I suppose, with John Payne's "blue midsummer weather, When the passionate red roses faint for the heat." "The red all-conquering rose" of Aubrey De Vere is good; and so is the happy phrase of Beddoes, "Love's love, the rose." Sydney Dobell affirms that manhood is "the time of passion and the rose." Tennyson shows us the gardener's daughter as, with white moulded arm upstretched, she holds an Eastern rose—which the last night's gale has blown across the walk—to fix it back. So she stands, a rose in roses, mingled with her fragrant toil. This picture reminds me of one in Walter Savage Landor's "Fæsulian Idyl," where a gentle maid raises herself on tiptoe to pick the wished-for roses, but in vain. "I saw," he says, "the fair arm, the fairer cheek warmed by the eye intent on its pursuit. . . . I held down a branch, and gathered her some blossoms." And of another in George Eliot's "Mill on the Floss," where Stephen Guest is moved by the shapely whiteness of Maggie Tulliver's extended arm as she bends it "a little upwards towards the large half-opened rose that had attracted her."

Thus have I rapidly run through the cycle of English song, plucking a few buds and blooms as I passed by; leaving, however, a liberal crop for more assiduous hands that, in this month of roses, may wish to do homage to the flower of flowers (*flos florum*). One might easily glean contributions from the poets of other countries, who have also sung of the rose as if they loved her, though not so sweetly, I think, as our own singers. In Italy she counts among her laureates and Court-poets, Dante and Petrarch, Antonio Tibaldeo, Tasso, Chiabrera (who employs the familiar comparison of his mistress's lips to a half-opened rose), and Marini (who calls it "of flowers the eye"). In Germany, we may read in the Heldenbuch of the Rose-garden at Worms, belonging to Chrimhild, daughter of King Ghilith, where was fought the great fight between the giants and the heroes—"below their feet, with heavy tread, they crushed the roses red"; and then go on to Wieland, Uhland, Tieck, Schiller, Goethe. France offers us the "Roman de la Rose"—the love-songs of trouvère and troubadour, Clément Marot, Ronsard, and Malherbe, Châteaubriand (in his dainty lyric, "Jeune Fille et Jeune Fleur"), Béranger, Lamartine, Victor Hugo. Others, with fuller knowledge, may extend the list of poetic worshippers of this Queen of Flowers.

W. H. D.-A.

A benefit performance, with a capital programme, will be given on the morning of Thursday, June 28, at the Lyceum Theatre, for the benefit of the Actors' Benevolent Fund.

The Couptess of Aberdeen and a number of ladies and gentlemen have organised a second great exhibition and sale of real Shetland hosiery for the benefit of the Shetland knitters. It has been held at Willis's Rooms for five days, commencing on Monday, June 11.

A conversazione was held at Owen's College, Manchester, on June 8, in connection with the opening of the new Natural History Museum. Dr. Greenwood, principal of the college, received the guests, among whom were many eminent men of science from all parts of the country. The new buildings cost over £80,000.

At a meeting held in the Mansion House on June 8, the Lord Mayor presiding, to further the scheme for establishing three Polytechnic Institutes in South London, the Marquis of Salisbury moved a resolution approving of the scheme and pledging the meeting to support it. The resolution was seconded by Lord Rosebery, supported by Sir L. Playfair and Sir J. Goldsmid, and unanimously passed.

Mrs. Sydney Buxton on June 8 opened as a garden for public recreation the disused burial-ground of Trinity Chapel, East India Dock-road. The chair was taken by the Earl of Meath, chairman of the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association. The ground is little over an acre in extent, and cost £300 to lay out, which sum had been obtained in great part from such generous donors as Mrs. Graham Robertson, Mr. Bethune, and Mr. Boulton.

The *Cronstadt Messenger* gives the following details concerning the canal through the Perekop Isthmus in the Crimea:—"The canal will traverse Gontchar and Sivash from Perekop to Guenitchesk. It will be 111 versts, or seventy-four miles in length. Its breadth will be 65 ft., and its depth 12 ft. The works will be directed by Major-General Jilinsky and the French engineers, Messrs. Essant and Carouzot. At both ends of the canal ports are to be established for coasters. The necessary funds (85,000,000 roubles) for the work are already appropriated. The Perekop Canal will form the line of shortest communication between Guenitchesk and the ports of the northern coast of the Black Sea. At present Marioupol is 434 miles from Odessa; when the canal is opened it will be only 295."

THE AUSTRALIAN PARROT.

The last Cunard steamer which arrived at Liverpool brought a great living curiosity. It is an odd-looking parrot, whose conversation made the cabins lively during the voyage, and whose wisdom filled the fore-cabin with awe. Externally he is unimpressive. Instead of the usual green and yellow plumage of parrots, he has a grey suit, that is not at all handsome. His form is rather striking, however, as he is as big as an owl, and his head is remarkably wide and flattened in front. Across the top of his head is a queer ridge of feathers, at the base of which there is a dark marking, making him look like a profound scholar of a bird, who has pushed his spectacles back from his forehead, rumpling up his hair. The parrot is at present rather mopeish. He evidently has not yet been able to reconcile himself to his new surroundings. Among the party of gentlemen who greeted the parrot's owner on his arrival was a member of a well-known wholesale drug house of Liverpool, who sympathetically inquired of the parrot: "What do you want, Polly?" The parrot startled him by the reply, delivered in a gruff tone and with slow emphasis, quite unlike the rapid, rasping ejaculations of most talking parrots: "I—want—to—go—home!" "Home" is now some 14,000 miles away, for the parrot was brought from Australia. He is an African bird, bought when young from a Sydney bird-fancier, by Mr. Alfred Hay, one of the great sheep-breeders of New South Wales. Mr. Hay's estate, known as Boomanoomana, is on the Murray river. It contains about 300,000 acres, and pastures a quarter of a million sheep. It is remote from any town, the nearest post-office being the little hamlet of Mulwala. The piano in Mr. Hay's house had to be hauled by waggon about one hundred miles from the railway station. In a family so isolated from society and so dependent on its own resources for entertainments, the odd-looking grey parrot had a good school. He soon developed an astounding aptitude for speech, and the whole family took a lively interest in his education. Talking parrots are generally swearing parrots. Mr. Hay gave strict orders that the parrot should not be allowed to use oaths. If the parrot picked up a naughty word from a servant he was promptly cuffed, and so decorous became his speech that he was called the Deacon. Eventually the servants were afraid to swear or do anything wrong in his presence, as the Deacon would be apt to solemnly report the fact to the family. The present owner of Deacon made the parrot's acquaintance last autumn, when in Australia corresponds with the spring in England, and is the sheep-shearing season. That is a time of great bustle and activity on a sheep range. An army of labourers are collected into a camp; for the gathering of the sheep into paddocks, handling and packing the fleece, and hauling to market, takes many hands. At Boomanoomana two hundred men were kept busily employed at shearing alone. The operation is not near so nice and difficult as with English sheep, for, in Australia, owing to the mild climate, the fleece does not crinkle or mat, and the wool

is straight. Shearing is a factory process, instead of an individual manipulation. Helpers keep a continuous procession of sheep moving from a paddock to the shearers. About three sweeps of the long shears will cut off the fleece on one side. The struggling animal is flopped over. Snip, snip, snip! The fleece on the other side is off; the shorn sheep is released, and wildly plunges down the fenced passage leading to another paddock. It was during such a scene as this that Deacon's present owner first saw the grey parrot. Deacon always enjoyed excitement, and some one of Mr. Hay's family had hung its cage where it could see the shearers at work. Deacon was in a great flutter, and he had much to say. If he heard an oath, "Hush, you wicked beggar!" he would scream at the offender. The thing that most interested him was the occasional snipping of the sheep's hide. In such rapid work the shearers would not unfrequently slice off a piece of skin and draw blood. The practice was to give the sore place a rub with the well-known remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, which is in high favour in the colony. Deacon heard so much about St. Jacobs Oil that he got his phrases about it very pat. If a sheep had a sore or was nicked by shears, he would shake his feathers, jump from perch to perch excitedly, and shout: "St. Jacobs Oil!" "Use St. Jacobs Oil!" "Rub on the Oil." Again he would sententiously announce: "St. Jacobs Oil conquers pain," in recollection of the phrase on every bottle, and which he often heard repeated. The gentleman visiting the range was on a hunting trip into the interior of the country, when he called on Mr. Hay. He naturally took a great fancy to Deacon, and Mr. Hay finally presented the bird to him. At Sydney, Deacon's linguistic powers attracted great attention, and the editor of the *Sydney Daily News* wrote an article describing the parrot's great intelligence. Deacon's owner left Australia last autumn, taking the Pacific Mail steamer to San Francisco. While in that city Deacon was the subject of many notices in the newspapers. His owner lodged in the Palace Hotel, an enormous structure, whose extensive interior courtyard is laid off in lawns and gardens. Deacon soon after his arrival was hung out on a piazza overlooking the courtyard. As a coloured servant was rushing by, he shouted: "I say, you beggar, where's the sheep?" The tone was so gruff and pre-emptory, and the voice so unaccountable to the startled darkey, who hadn't noticed the parrot, that in his fright he dropped his tray and smashed the chinaware. "Rub it with St. Jacobs Oil," blandly remarked the parrot. The parrot went with his owner across the American Continent, and recently crossed the Atlantic to this country, so that he has pretty nearly circumnavigated the globe. He was christened the Deacon by the sailors during the voyage to England, from his habit of recommending his favourite remedy. If he saw anyone get a knock or bruise, or limp, as if from pain, "Rub it with St. Jacobs Oil," would be his solemn advice. He picked up some sea phrases, and in rough weather he would cry, "Oh-h-h, Steward!" with an amusing sea-sickish drawl. He has not yet recovered his vivacity since his arrival, and except an occasional "Oh, dear me!" or a "I wish I was home!" has little to say. His owner thinks, however, that he will soon come around, and that as soon as he gets used to our climate he will begin to take an interest in English sights.

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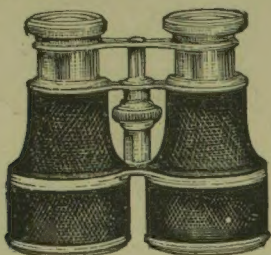
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